

'INK

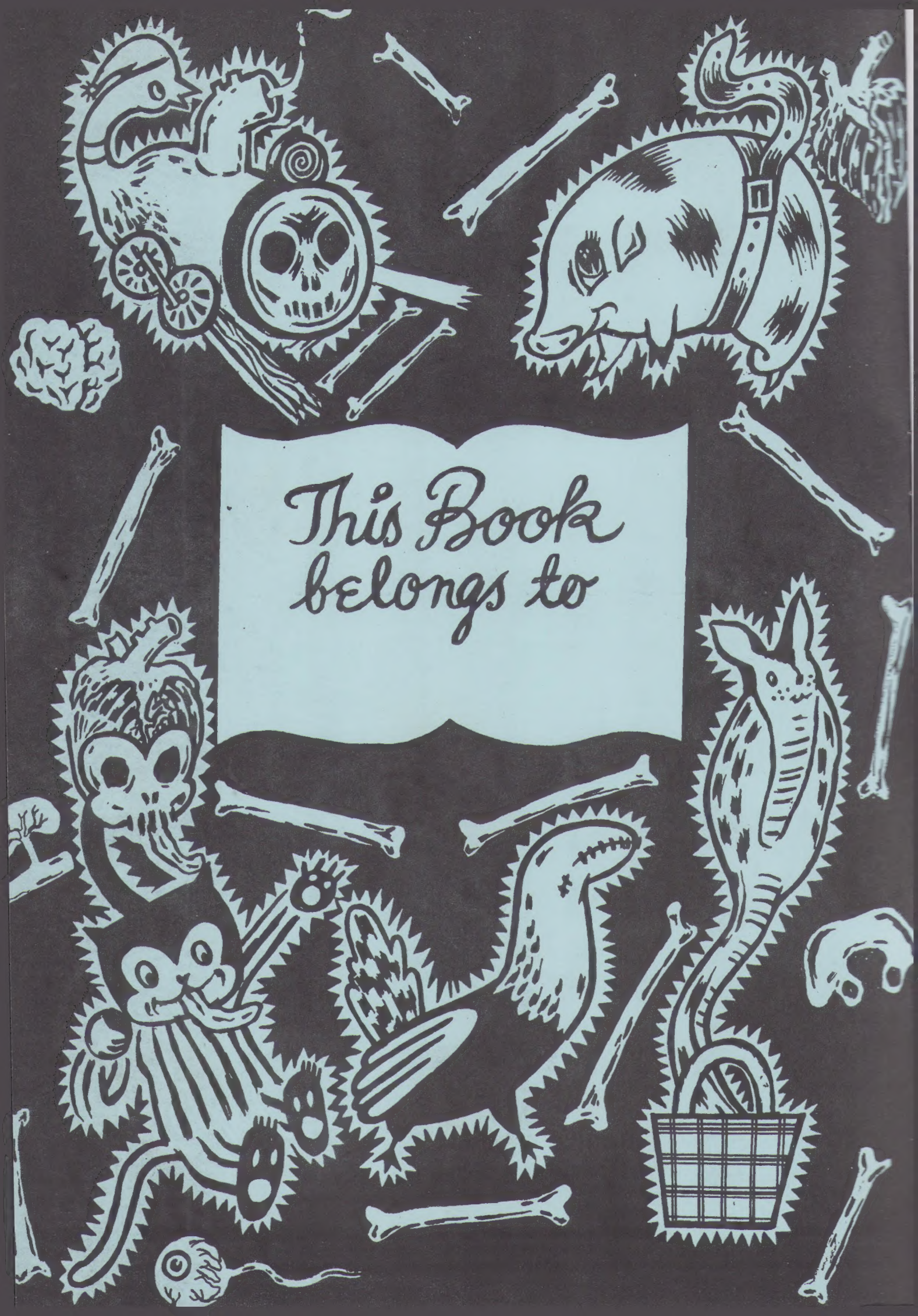
COMICS & STORIES

\$3.50



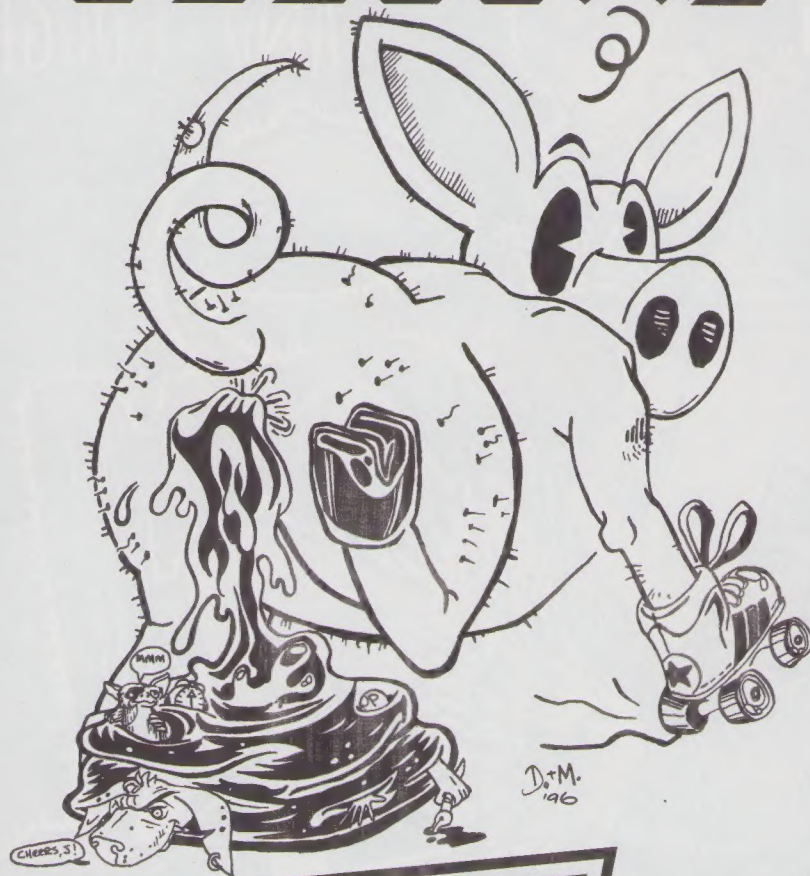
DODGE! THE NIBBLE OF THE FRISKY, HUNGRY LAMB!
BEND! AND NOD IN RAPT DELIGHT!
GAMBOL! HITHER AND THITHER, TO
SEE! THE BLISSFUL CLUTCH, GRASPING HEART, MIND AND SOUL,
IN OUR **GRIP!** OF STEELY SMITE!

R Issue 2
Sept. 96
A STICKY COMIC!

The illustration is a black and white collage. At the top left is a stylized, screaming face with a wide-open mouth showing sharp teeth. Next to it is a skull with a spiral on its forehead. To the right is a pig's head wearing a collar with a bell. The central area is a white, open-book-like shape containing the text "This Book belongs to". Below this, on the left, is a skull with a crown-like structure on top. In the bottom left is a cartoonish, striped, worm-like creature with a face. In the bottom center is a large, detailed feathered foot. To the right of the foot is a long, spotted, worm-like creature. At the bottom right is a small, woven basket. Scattered throughout the entire composition are numerous bones of various sizes and shapes. The background is dark, and the elements are outlined in white with some internal shading. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century horror or pulp magazine illustrations.

*This Book
belongs to*

WELCOME



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ARTWORK by: Matt Taylor, Biddy Maroney, and Darren Price.
COVER by: Matty Boy and Bedazzler.
MANAGED by: Mr Hank Spank a.k.a. Henry Richards.

SPANKY HANK'S BIG WANK

THERE IS SOMETHING I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Not only is your mother not coming home tonight but neither are you.

Prepare for a journey through the pignops of our crumbling Kultcha.

Come with me and pick up the threads that these three very sick individuals have left behind.

They leave their traces on clean white paper sheets-like dogs do trees- instinctively, and artfully.

They might not be able to hold a decent conversation but fuck they can draw!

So it comes down to me to decipher their grunts and moans and come up with some qualitative dialogue, between and about THEM.

THEY are not very organised, THEY smell a little bit, THEY aren't very pretty but neither am I.

THEY, like the rest of us need a kick up the ARSE every now and again, which is essentially why I'm here.

It can be quite amusing watching artists flail around in the real world, like naked babes with forks stuck in their eye-sockets, after a while though it becomes painful.

You begin to take pity on them, and then you realise what a goldmine you've stumbled on to.

We all know what to do with a gold mine. DIG! DIG!! DIG!!!

So, over the course of the next couple of years I'm going to be exploiting the unexploitable, selling out those too hardcore to do it themselves, and using all of their talent for my own insidious and monetary based reasons.

What can you do poor reader? I realise you feel for these people, these "artists".

You might feel some attachment or synchronicity to them, you may even think you relate to their stories of inexplicable desire/madness/love/hate/(and most of all) excrement. Believe me though YOU DON'T WANT TO really.

Just hand over your cash read the stories and have a chuckle/cry/spew, just don't dig too deep.

Groupies in this game have a habit of DISSAPPEARING, FAME-WHORES inevitably kill themselves.

Remember the closest you can get to INK is by subscribing.

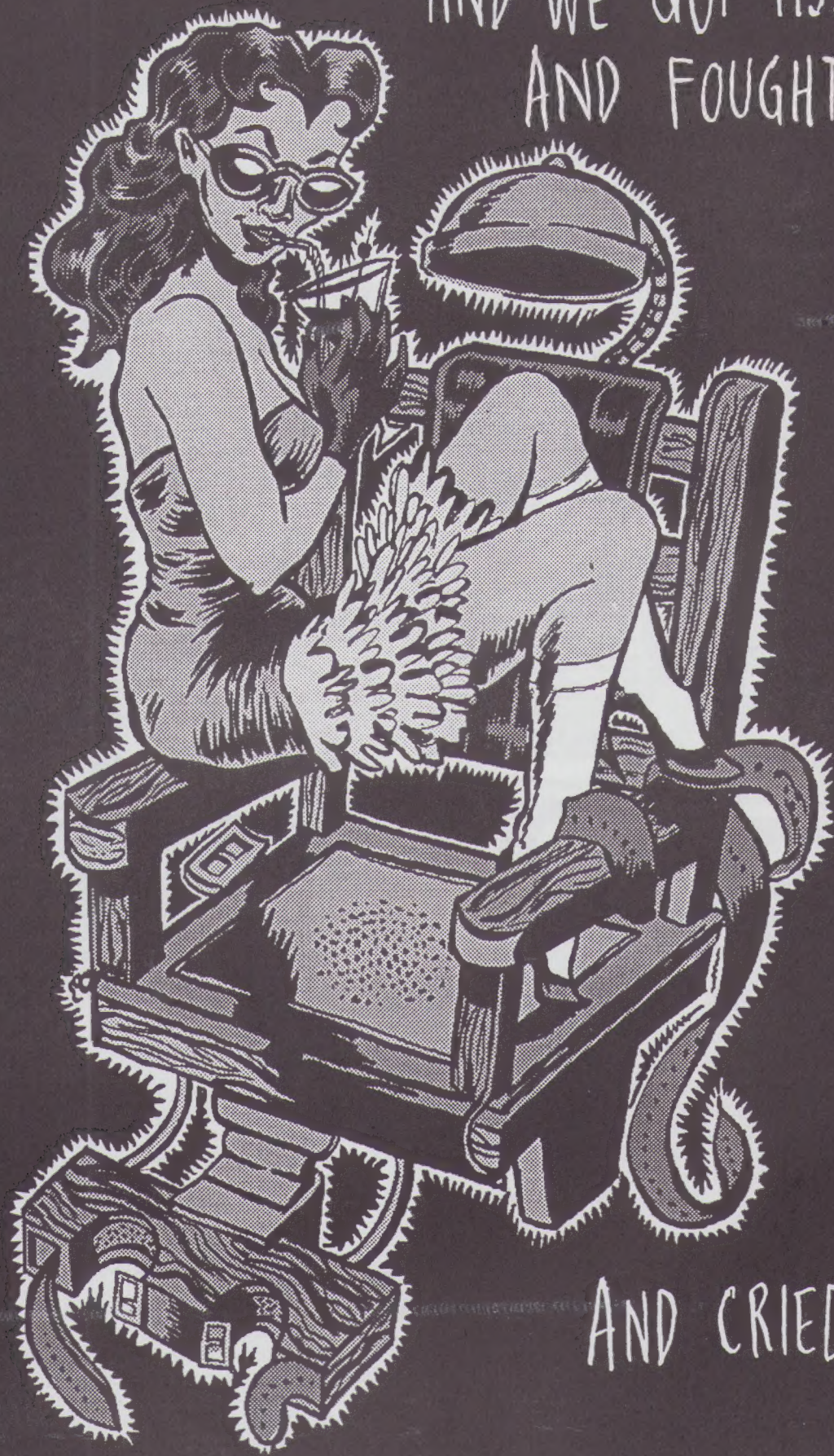
DO IT if nothing else it saves you the hassle of going down to your local "COOL" store to buy it.

STAY at HOME watch your letterbox WAIT for MARTIAL LAW

Your Loving Slave and Master.

SPANKIN' HANK

AND WE GOT PISSED,
AND FOUGHT,

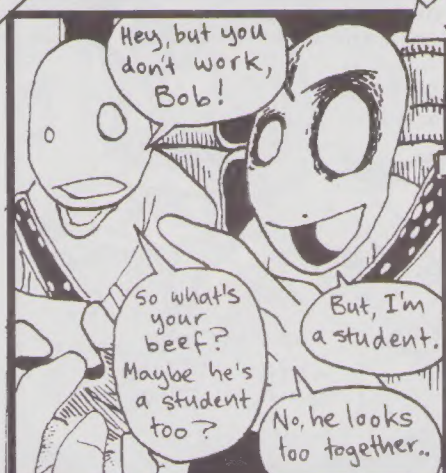
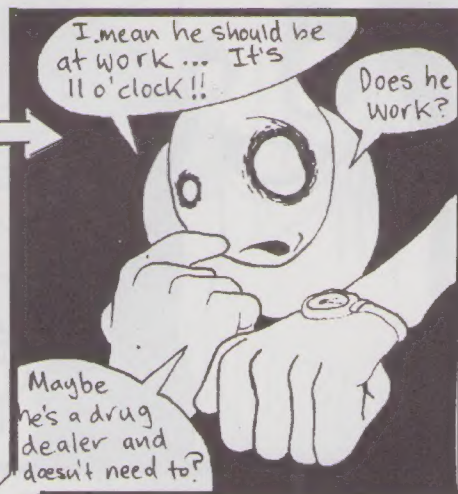
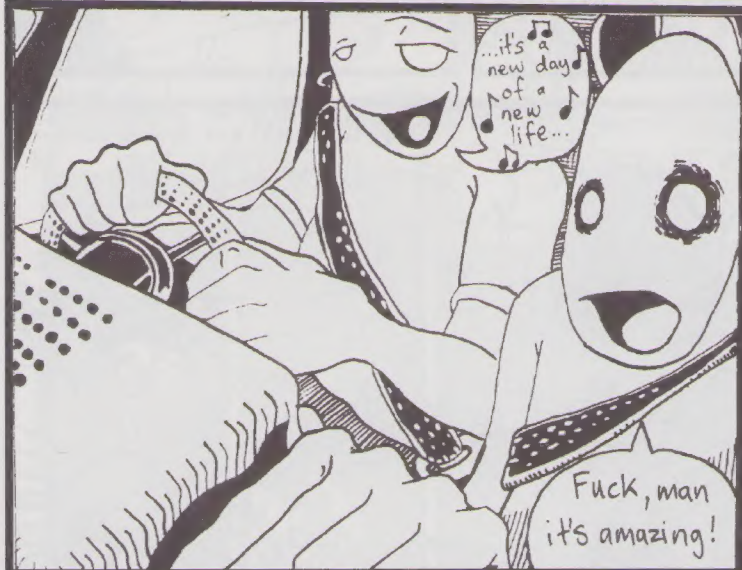


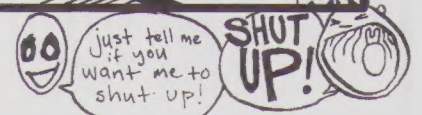
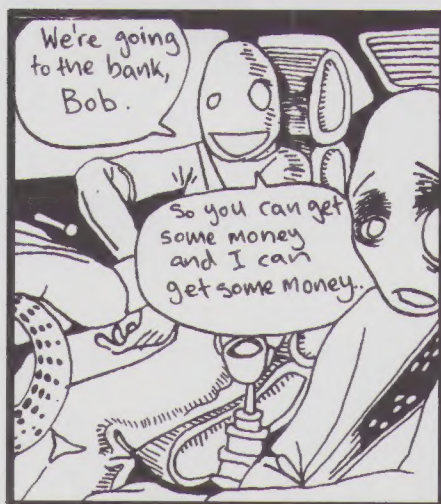
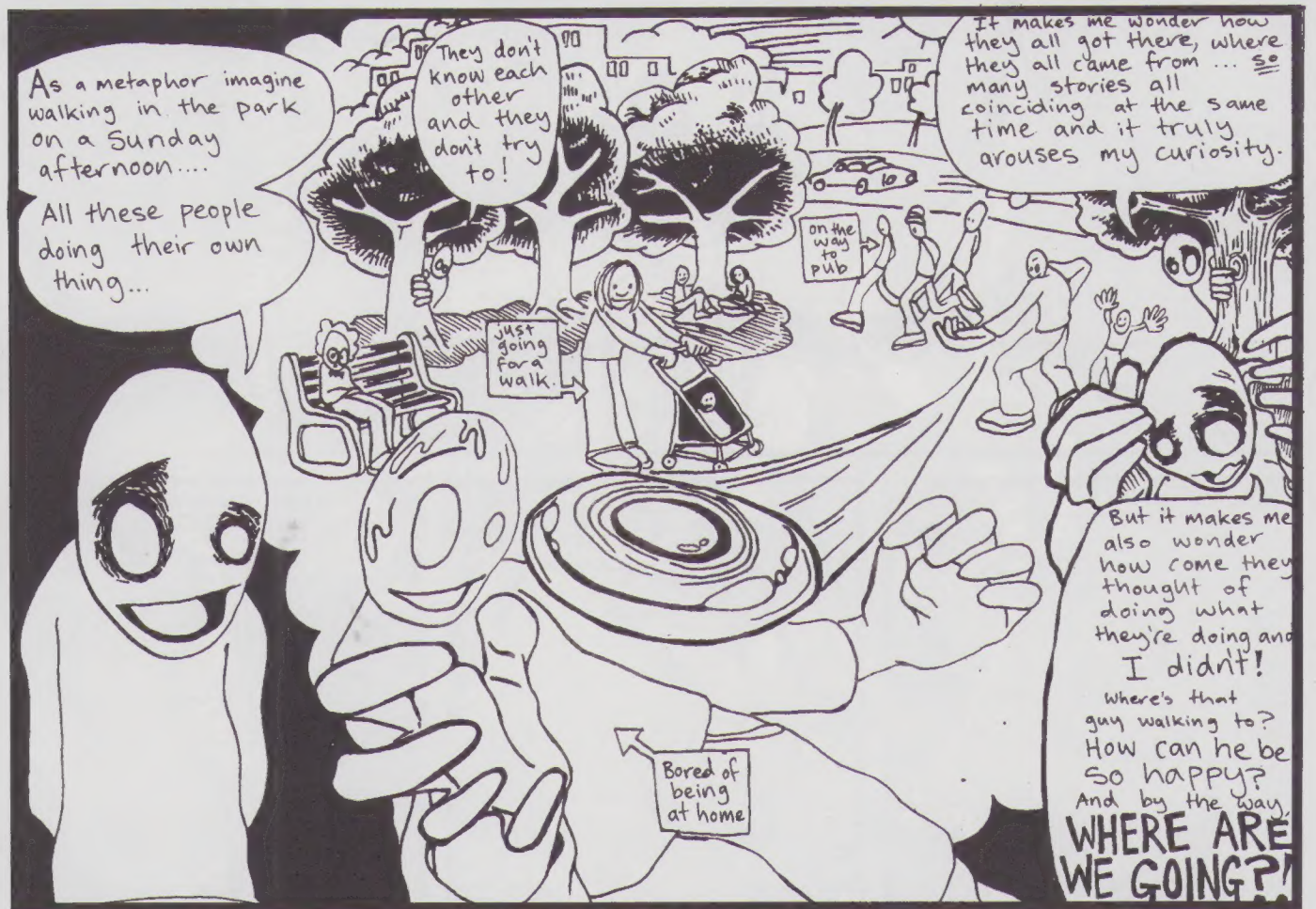
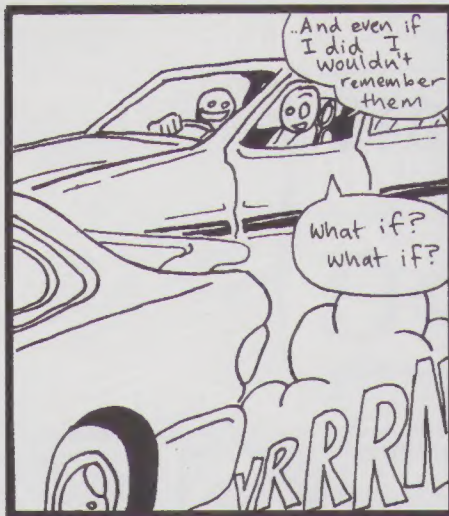
AND CRIED

-THE DAY THAT FLASHIN' FANNY FRIED.

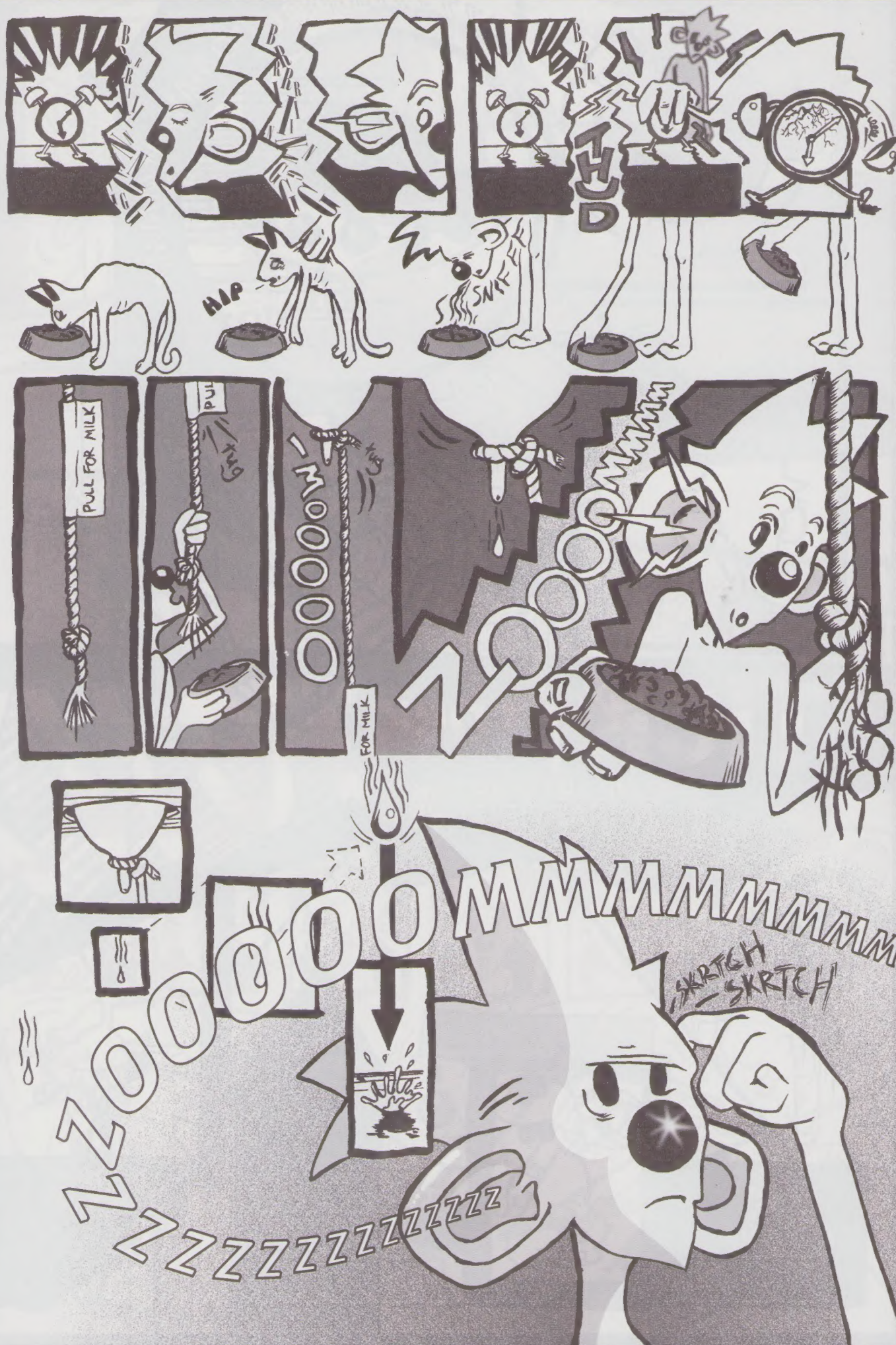
Bob Trauma goes for a RIDE

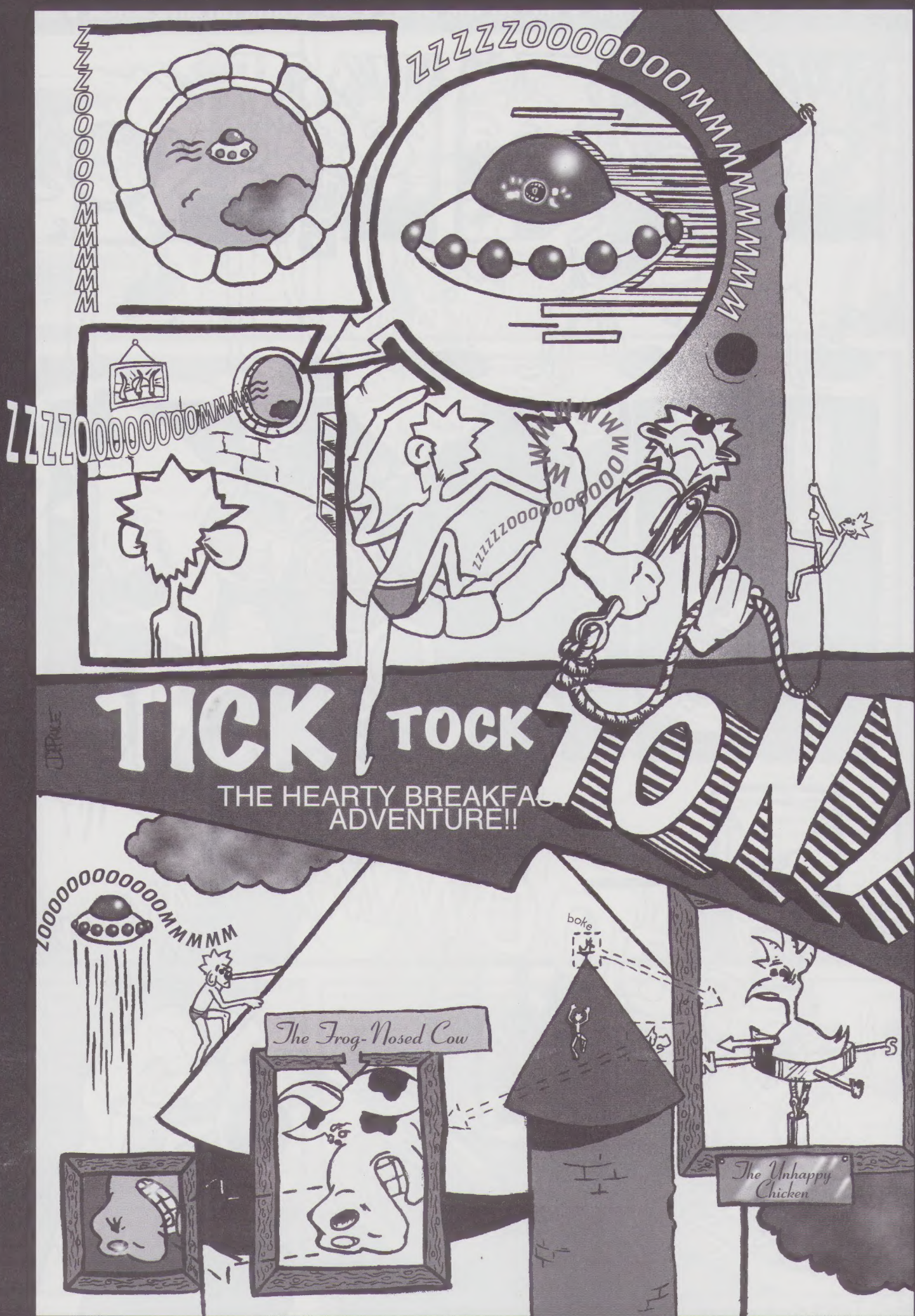
by Matthew Taylor

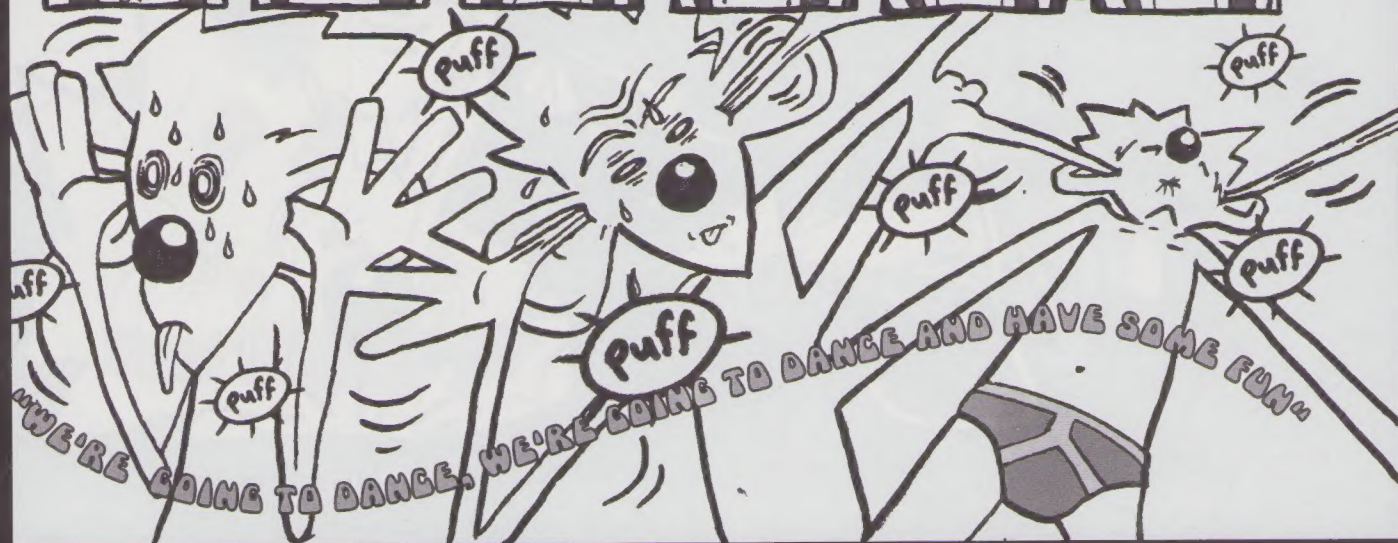
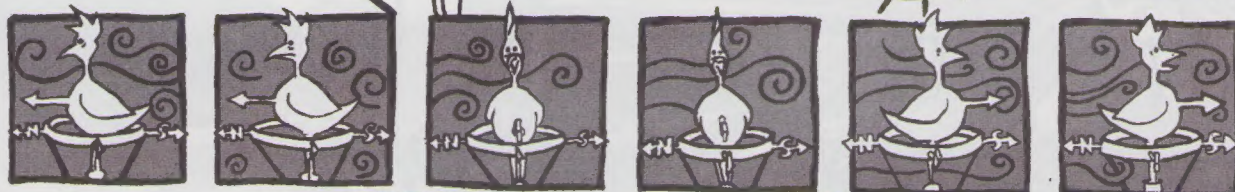
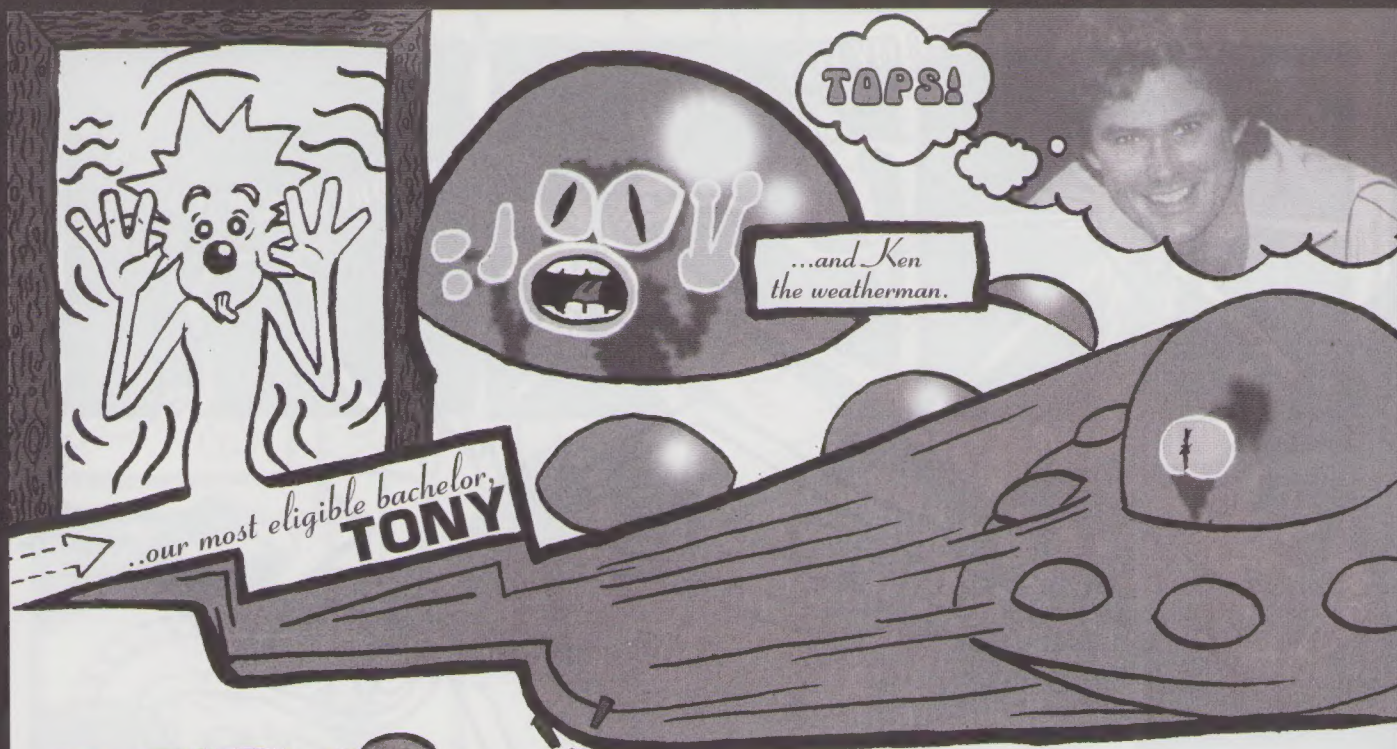




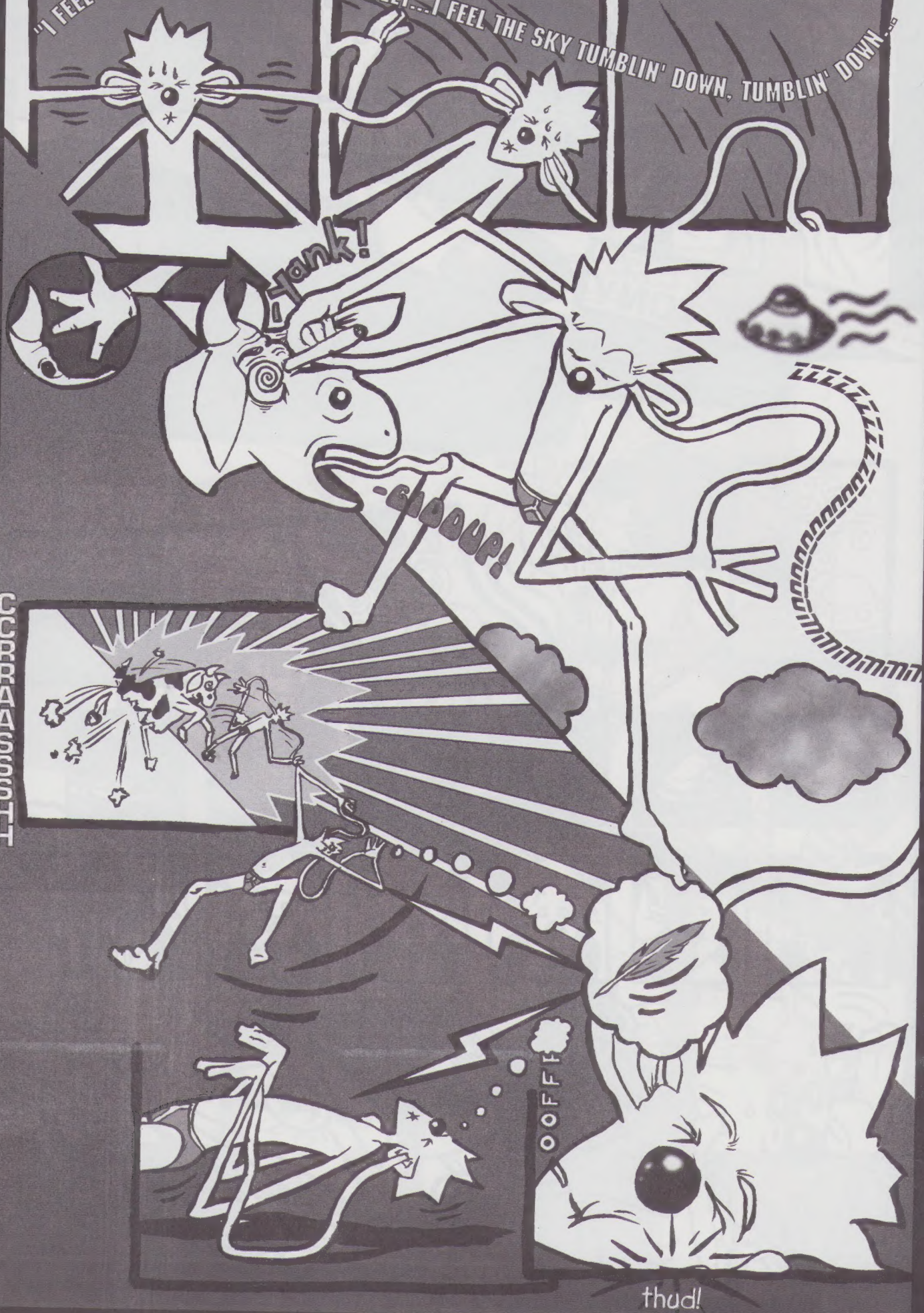
...Rock Rock y'all, Tick Tock y'all, to the Beat y'all, come on and Rock y'all





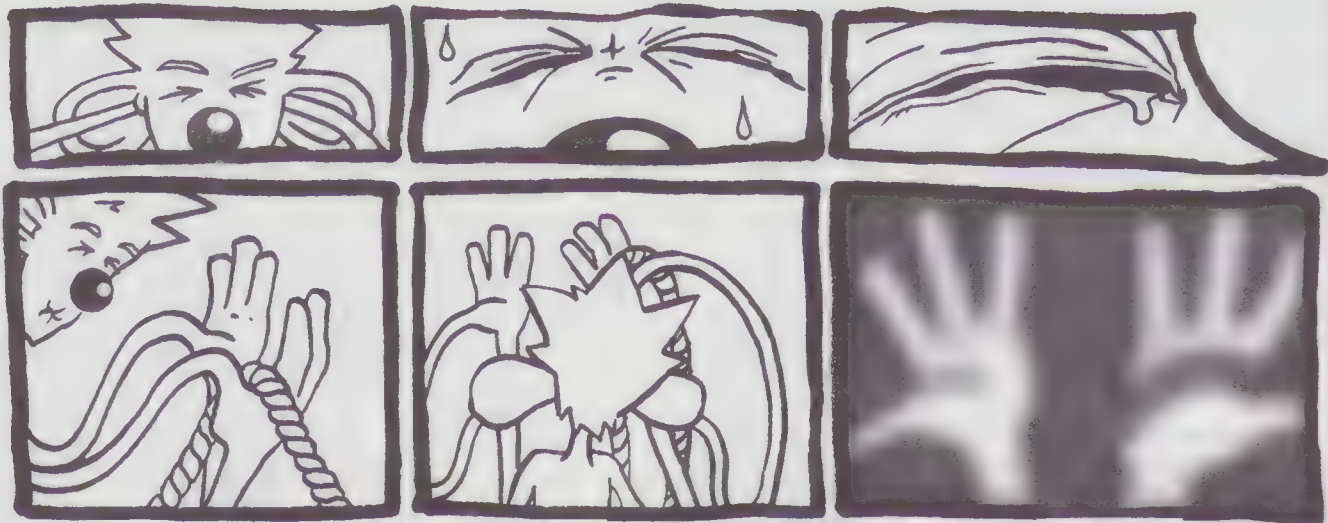


"I FEEL THE EARTH MOVE UNDER MY FEET... I FEEL THE SKY TUMBLIN' DOWN, TUMBLIN' DOWN..."



CCRA SOUTH

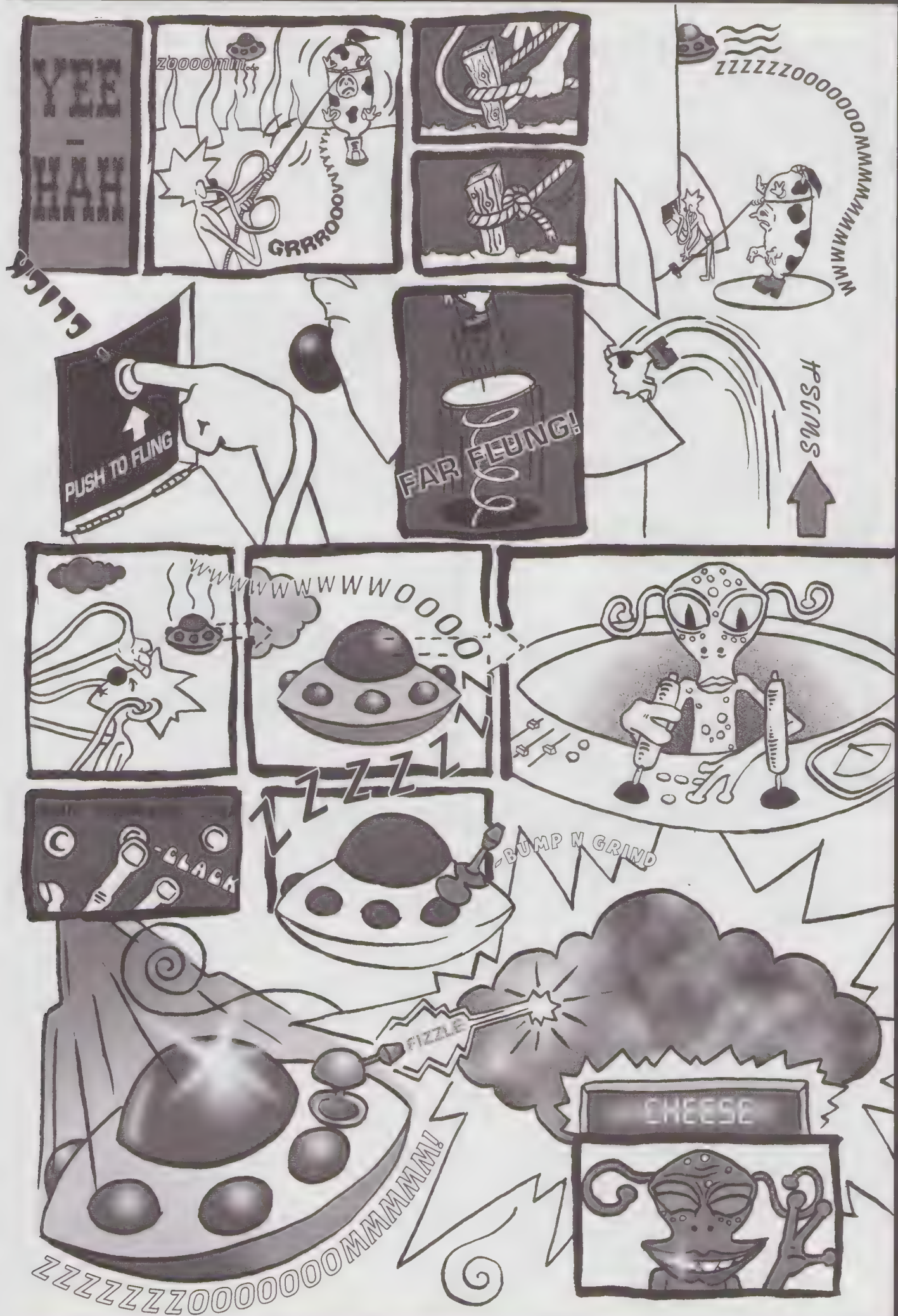




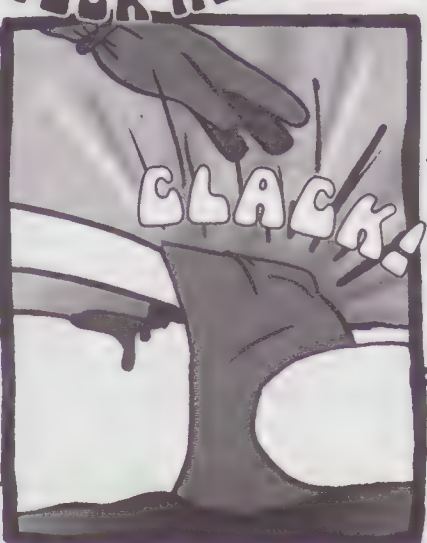
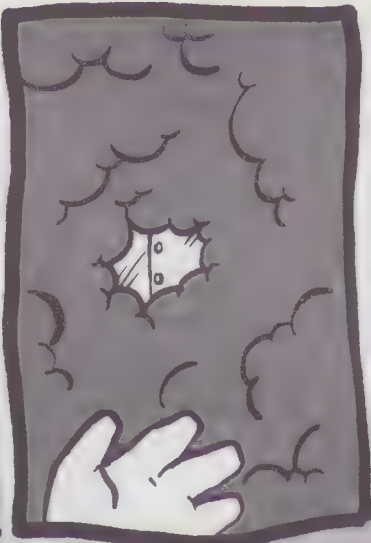
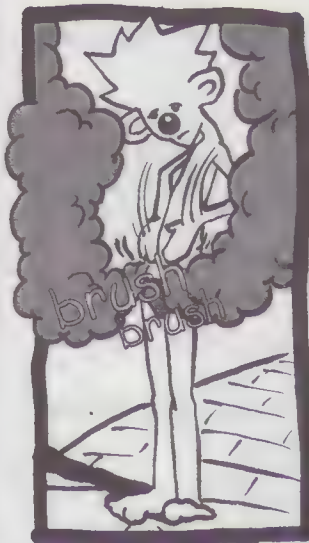
“EYE OF THE TIGER IT'S THE THRILL OF THE FIGHT...”

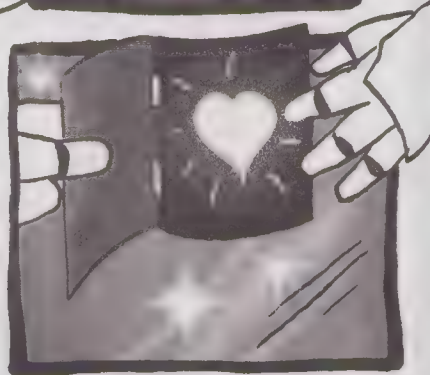
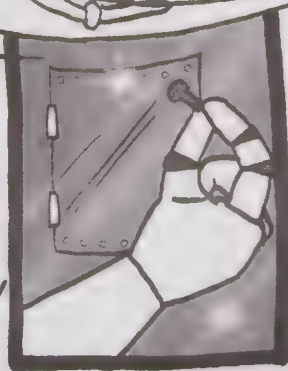
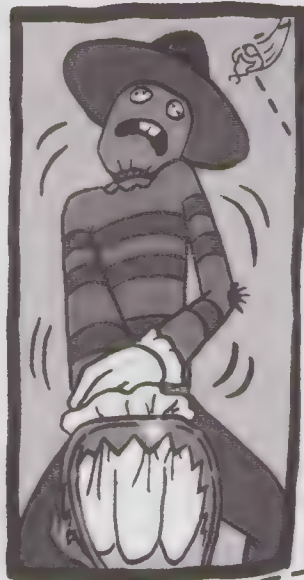


STANDING UP TO THE CHALLENGE OF YOUR RIVALS”



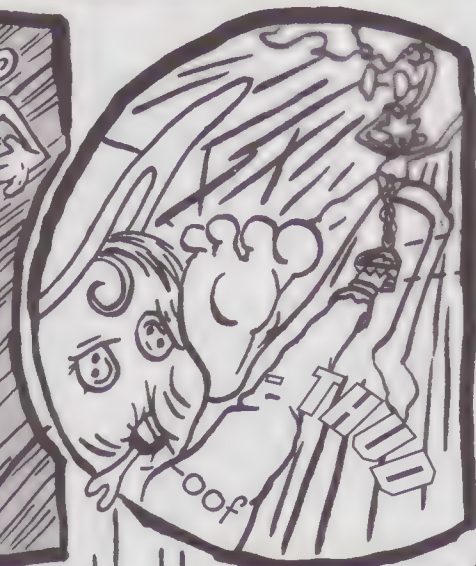
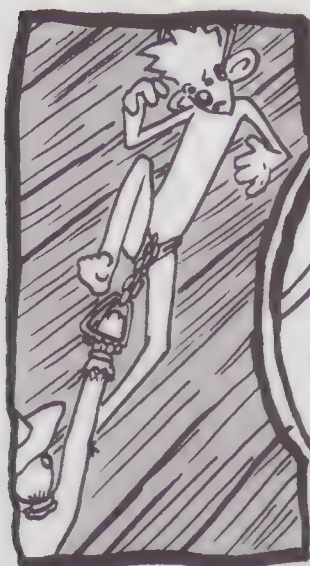
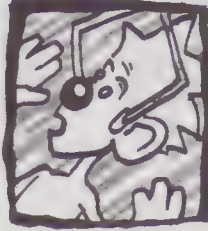
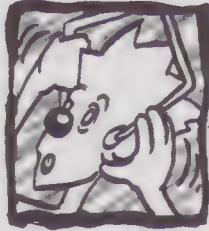
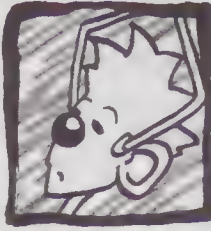
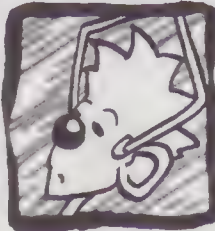
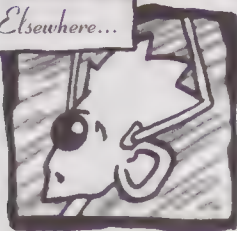








Elsewhere...



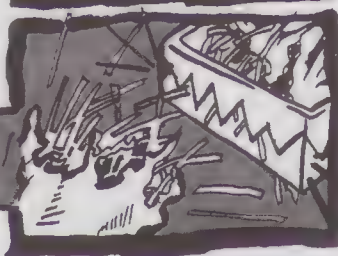
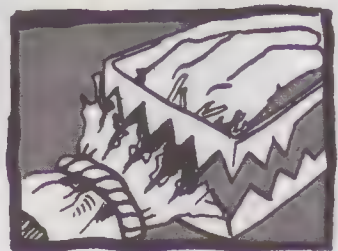
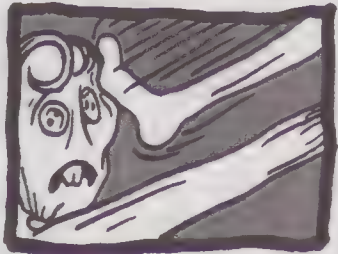
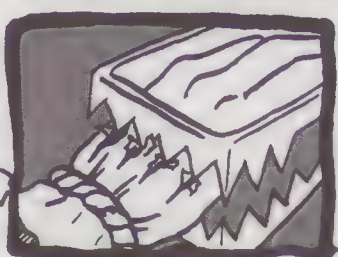
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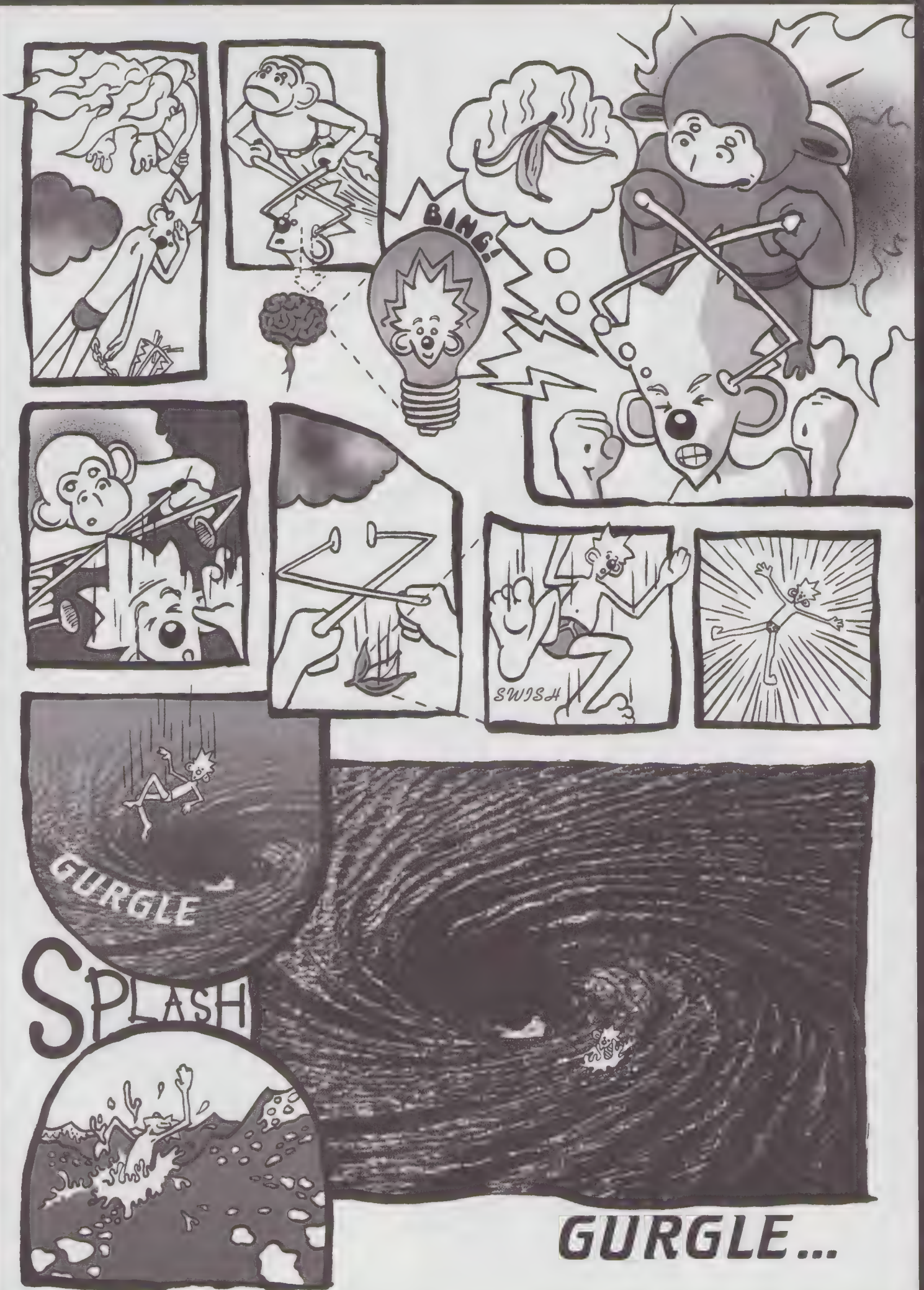
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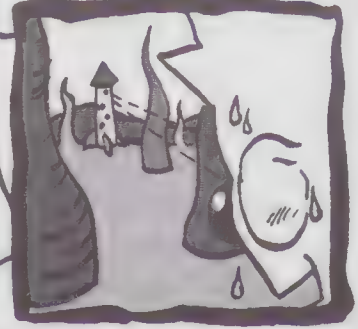
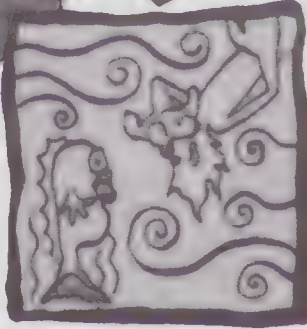
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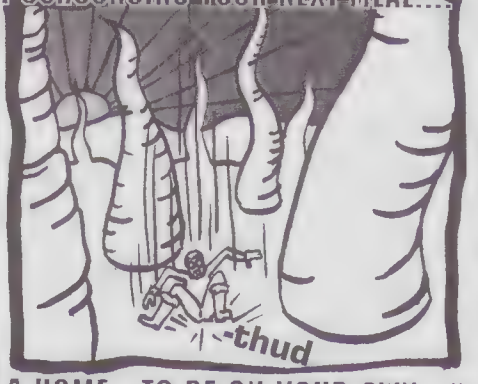
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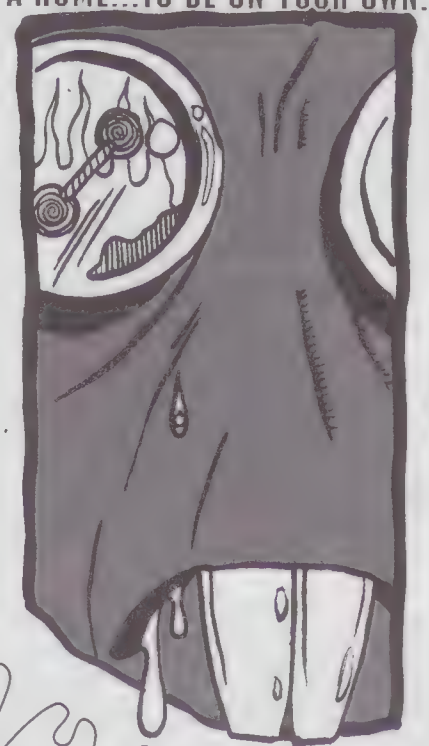




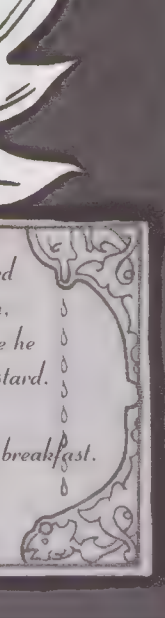
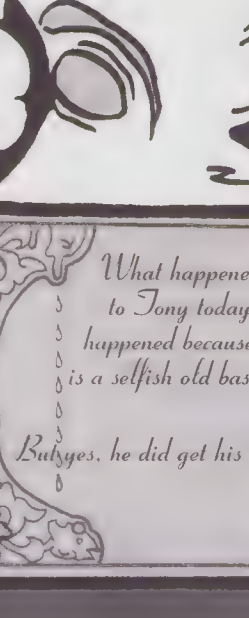
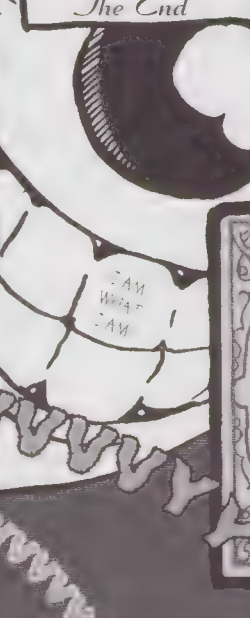
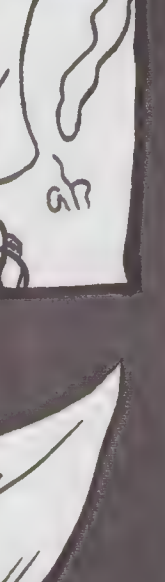
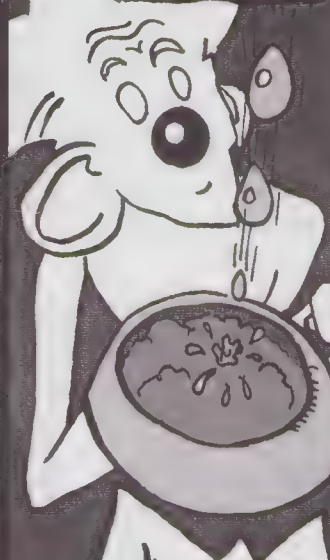
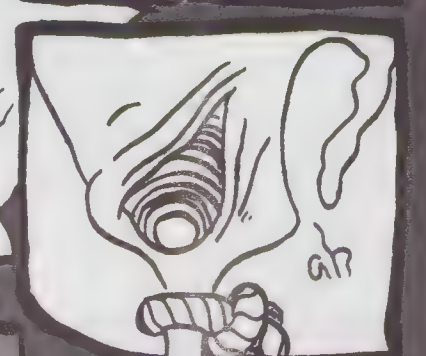
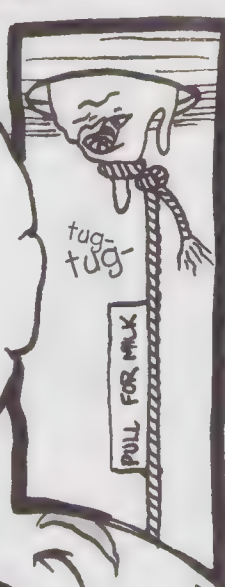
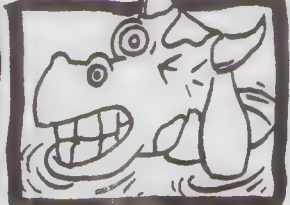
"NOW YOU DONT TALK SO LOUD. NOW YOU DONT SEEM SO PROUD. ABOUT SCROUNGING YOUR NEXT MEAL...."



.....HOW DOES IT FEEL...TO BE WITHOUT A HOME...TO BE ON YOUR OWN..."



SHHHH
AAAAA...



What happened
to Tony today,
happened because he
is a selfish old bastard.
But yes, he did get his breakfast.



SKRITCH!!

SKRITCH!!

S
H
M
I
C
K
M
D

S
H

D

I
C
K

SKRITCH!!
SKRITCH!!

SKRITCH

SKRITCH

SKRITCH

BUT I GUESS I ALREADY TOLD
YOU
How it all happened
But it's just petrol

Figure 2: (MEANWHILE)



Figure 1: Disposing of the body
THERE'S TWO FEET IN MY BOOT AND
I'M DRIVING & DRIVING

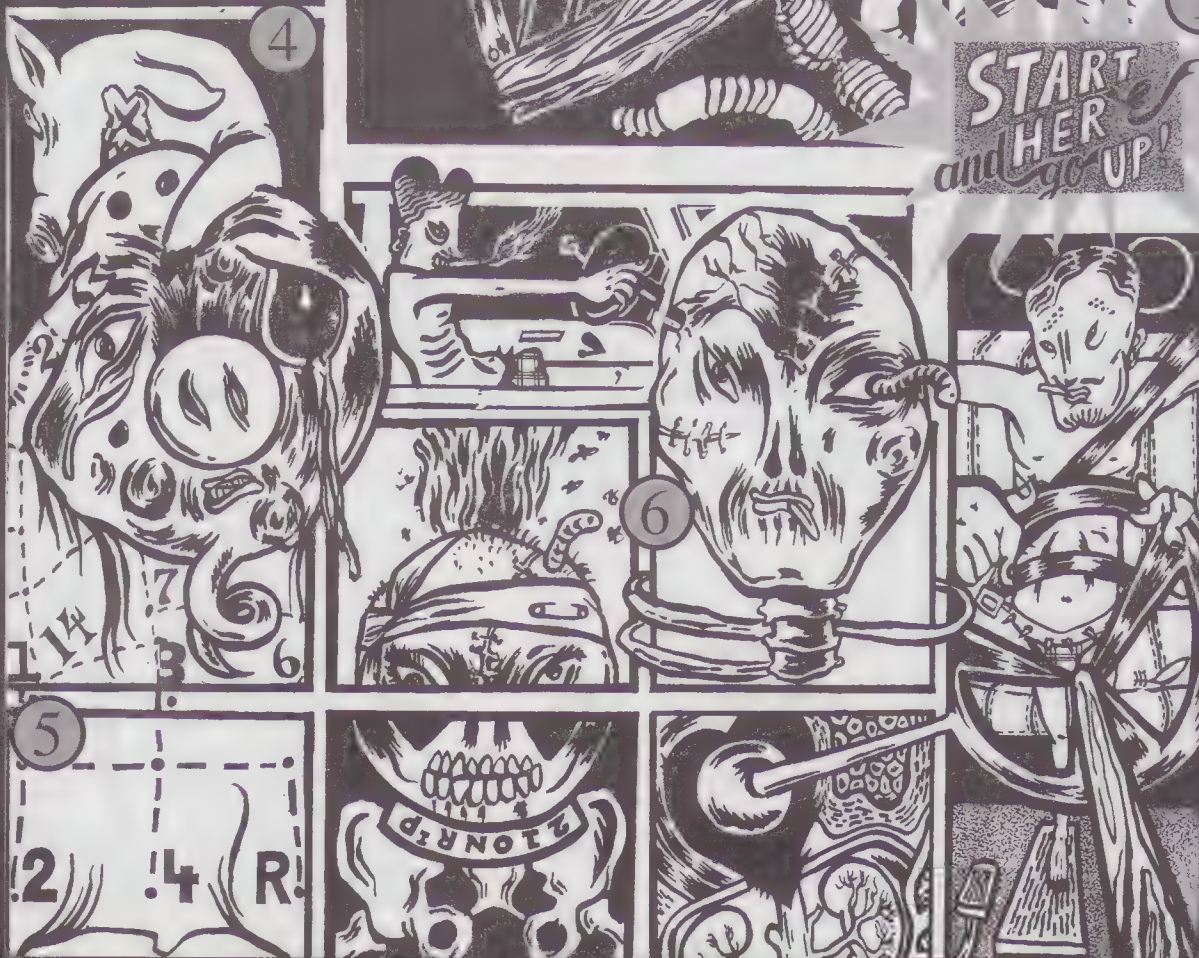
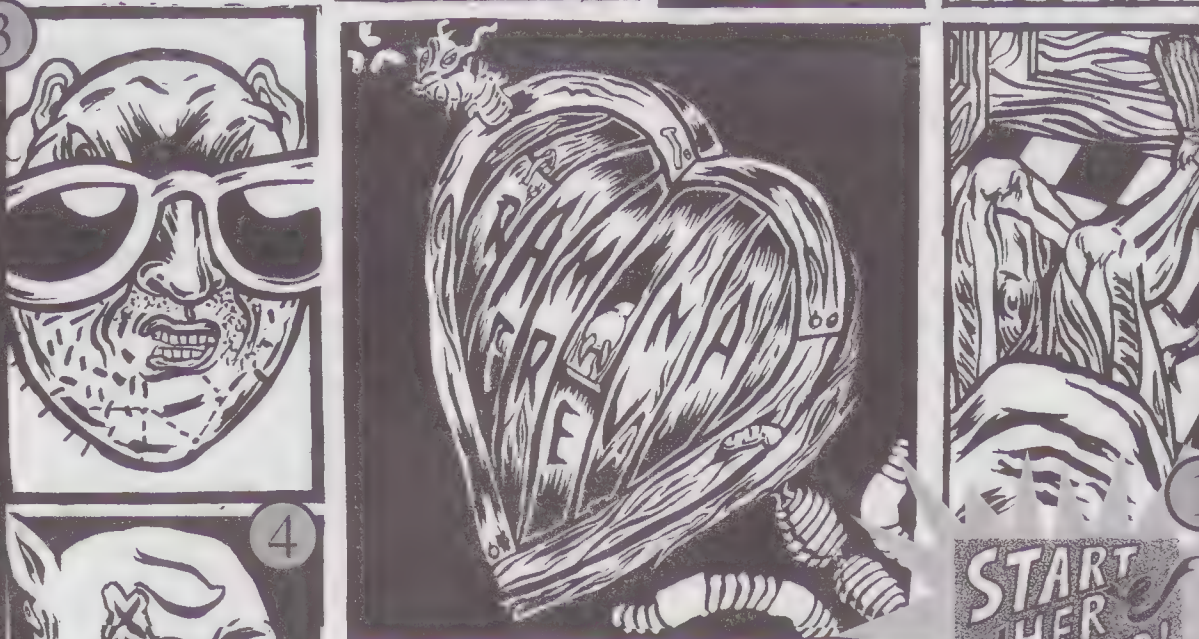


Figure 6: (dead chick> BIMBO CARNAGE):

For the skull in my car. That mad bitch Gypsy
Butthole
Her sneer in my wheel & the hole in her chest
Her knuckles in the ashtray

Such TENDER fingertips. RAPPING. AND TAPPING.

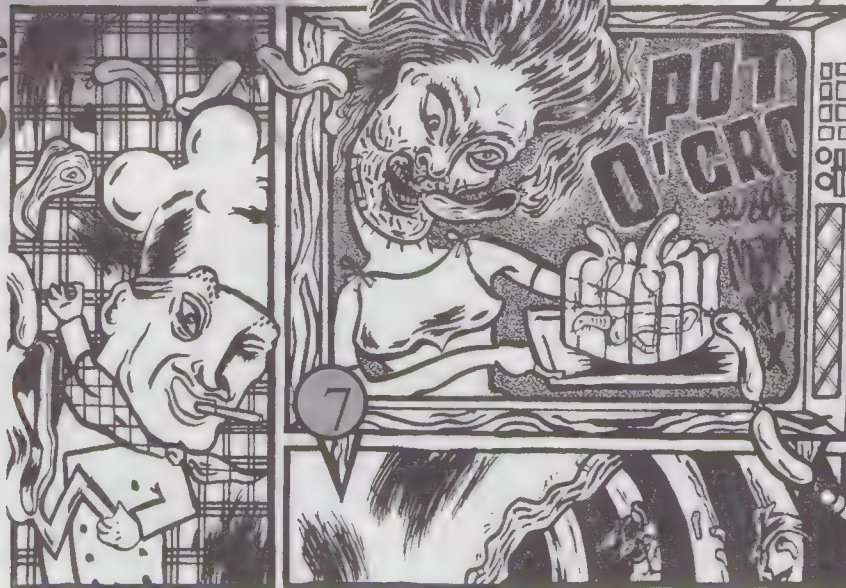
Figure 8: (MEANWHILE)

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SURGERY



....BUT ALL
THEY
CAN DO

(see
over
page)



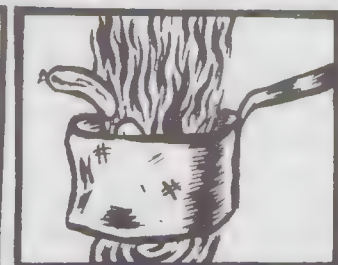
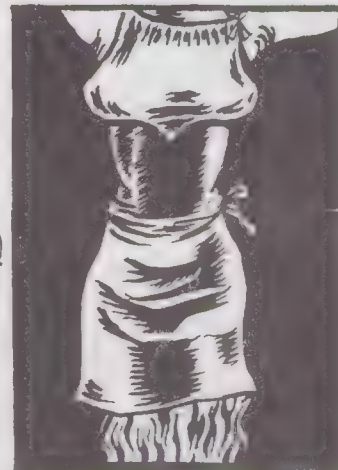
THOSE MAD FUCKERS

My Boss Doctor Shmick
(Figure 3) under the thumb of
that
WITCH Mamma Pfaff.

Baking MEATS. Stewing SPELLS.
And all I can smell is death

in my engine.... HER FLESH

WHILE BACK AT THE SURGERY
they just sit and wait to get well
While I drive to get well Run
away from her flesh Drive away
with her death < < < <

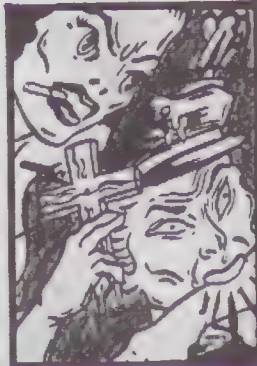


IN MY ENGINE

ST. PANCREAS



THE EVIL 'SAINT PANCREAS' HAS KIDNAPPED THE YOUNG 'SON OF DIBBLE', HOG TIED 'IM AND TRANSPORTED HIS FLACID, SEMI-CONSCIOUS PERSON TO THE AS YET UNSOILED INNER-CITY FLAT OF OUR HERO....
CAPTAIN HYGENIC!



WE REJOIN THEM AS OUR VILLAIN PREPARES TO DOUSE THE YOUNG 'SON OF DIBBLE' IN A FLAMMABLE COCTAIL OF DETOL AND OTHER DISINFECTANTS AND FRAME THE ENSUING INFERNO ON HER CLEANLY NEMESIS AND ESTRANGED LOVER....



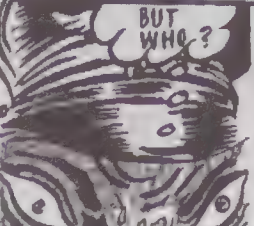
SAVE ME CAPTAIN...AND SOON!



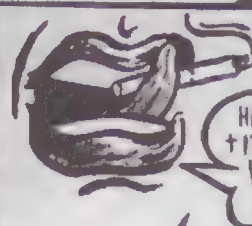
HA!..YOU INSIGNIFICANT PAWN! YOU WILL SOON BE INCINERATED!..



....THE CAPTAIN WILL BE INCARCERATED! AND I WILL NEVA BE IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO! NO-NOT I! I SHALL BE FAR FROM HERE MY FRIEND...CAUGHT ONLY IN THE INTOXICATING EMBRACE OF MY SECRET SWEETY! MY ONE TRUE LOVE!!!!



BUT WHO?



IT'S WEREWOMAN HA! YA HEARS ME? + IT'S BEEN WERE WOMAN ALL ALONG! HA! HA!

THE WEREWOMAN CHRONICLES: DOCTOR DESPAIR and THE BIKINI OF TRUTH



WHY, DOCTOR DESPAIR! I... I... I... DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER ME... I... I... I'M CLUTCHING AT YOU QUITE... QUITE...

DESPAIR-INGLY?? WEREWOMAN... THERE'S SOMETHING I... I... ...CHOKE...



UTILIZING THE POWERS OF THE BIKINI OF TRUTH AND HAVING PROCURED THE HORRIBLE FACTS FROM THE TREMBLING, OVERBITTEN LIPS OF DOCTOR DESPAIR, WEREWOMAN PREPARES A SECOND SYRINGE... NOT A TRUTH SERUM NOW HOWEVER... RATHER A MYSTERY LIQUID CONDUSIVE TO A SLOW, CRIPPLINGLY PAINFUL DEATH, WHICH IS TRACELESS IN THE CARCASS OF ITS POOR, HAPLESS VICTIMS....

THERE'S... SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU!...

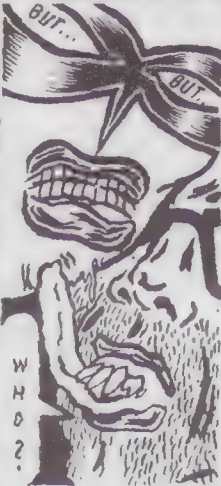


Y...YE...YES?

I...I'M IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER!!



N... NN... STAMMER FRAUGHT WITH FAKE EMOTION... NN.. NO!



IT'S BUNNY COURAGEDUS! SOB... NOTHING BUT A VAPID SIDE-KICK CURRENTLY HEAD LINING FOR TESTICLE BOY COMICS AND STORIES... SNIFF

SOB... OH LORD! FORGIVE ME!



BUT ALL THEY CAN DO IS SIT ON THEIR BUMS AND

BUNNY COURAGEOUS

+ TESTICLE BOY + EVIL FLEAGIRL

WHY, BUNNY!
PUT DOWN
THAT BOTTLE!
...WE...WE'LL
TALK...
I...BUNNY!
PUT DOWN
THE BOTTLE
BUNNY!..



GOOD
LORD!



BUT...HOW
COULD HE
KNOW ABOUT
MY ADVENT-
URES



WITH THE
LOVEABLE
'SKRITCH'?



THAT
ITCHY
L'IL
CRITTER



MEANWHILE...

COME TO ME--
YOU CANDY
ASSED
CARNIVORE,
YOU



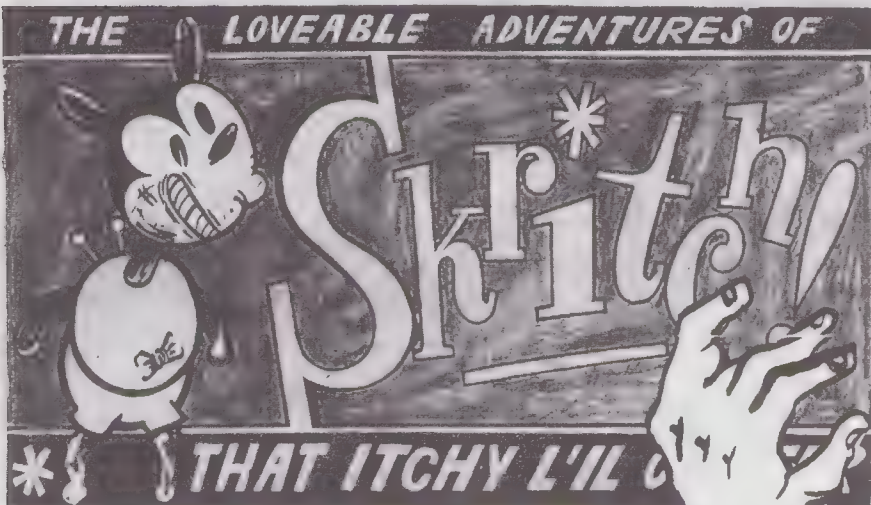
UUUUHH!!

NNNN
NGG...



IT'S SKRITCH!SKRITCH
I TELLS YA!!! AND IT'S
BEEN THAT ITCHY L'IL
CRITTER ALL ALONG!!!
...CHOKE...SKRITCH!..

YES/OK/I ADMIT IT!..I DID IT ALL FOR SKRITCH!



BUT ALL THEY CAN DO IS



HEY KIDS

YOU TOO
CAN BE A

Rock Star!

THIS
IS A
GENUINE
OFFER!

SEND A
STAMPED SELF-
ADDRESSED
ENVELOPE TO:
'MAKE ME A ROCK STAR'
% STICKY COMICS
P.O. BOX 989
FIVE SQUARE
A.C.T. 2608

MAN, THAT'D
FIX
EVERYTHING!

I'D BE RICH
AND COOL
AND EVERYONE
WOULD WANT
TO BE ME
INSTEAD
OF THE
OTHER
WAY
AROUND!

YES

TAKE ME PLACES!
SHOW ME THE
BRIGHT LIGHTS!
TAKE ALL I HOLD
SACRED!

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

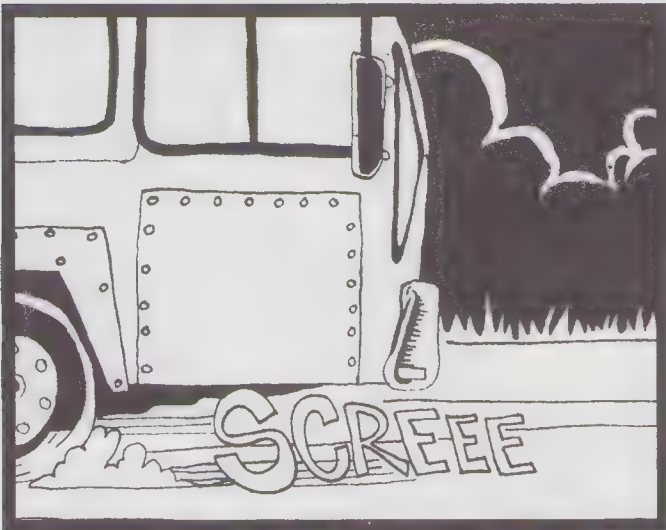
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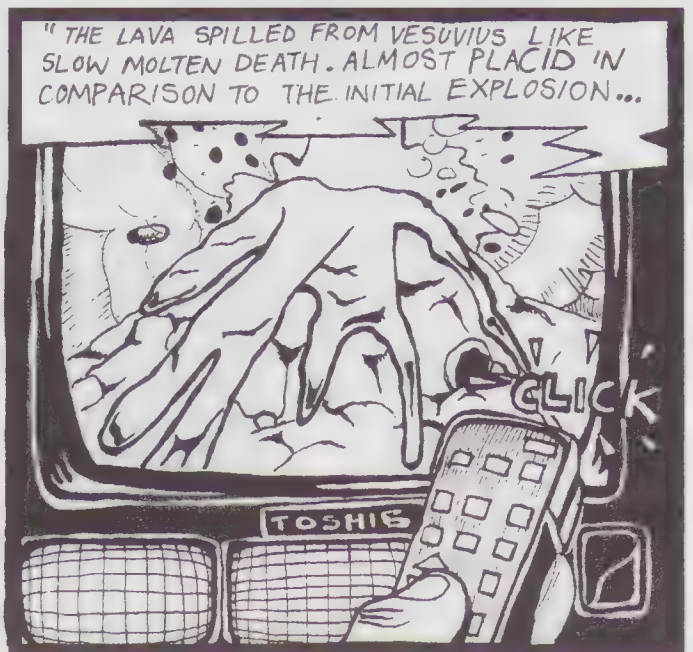
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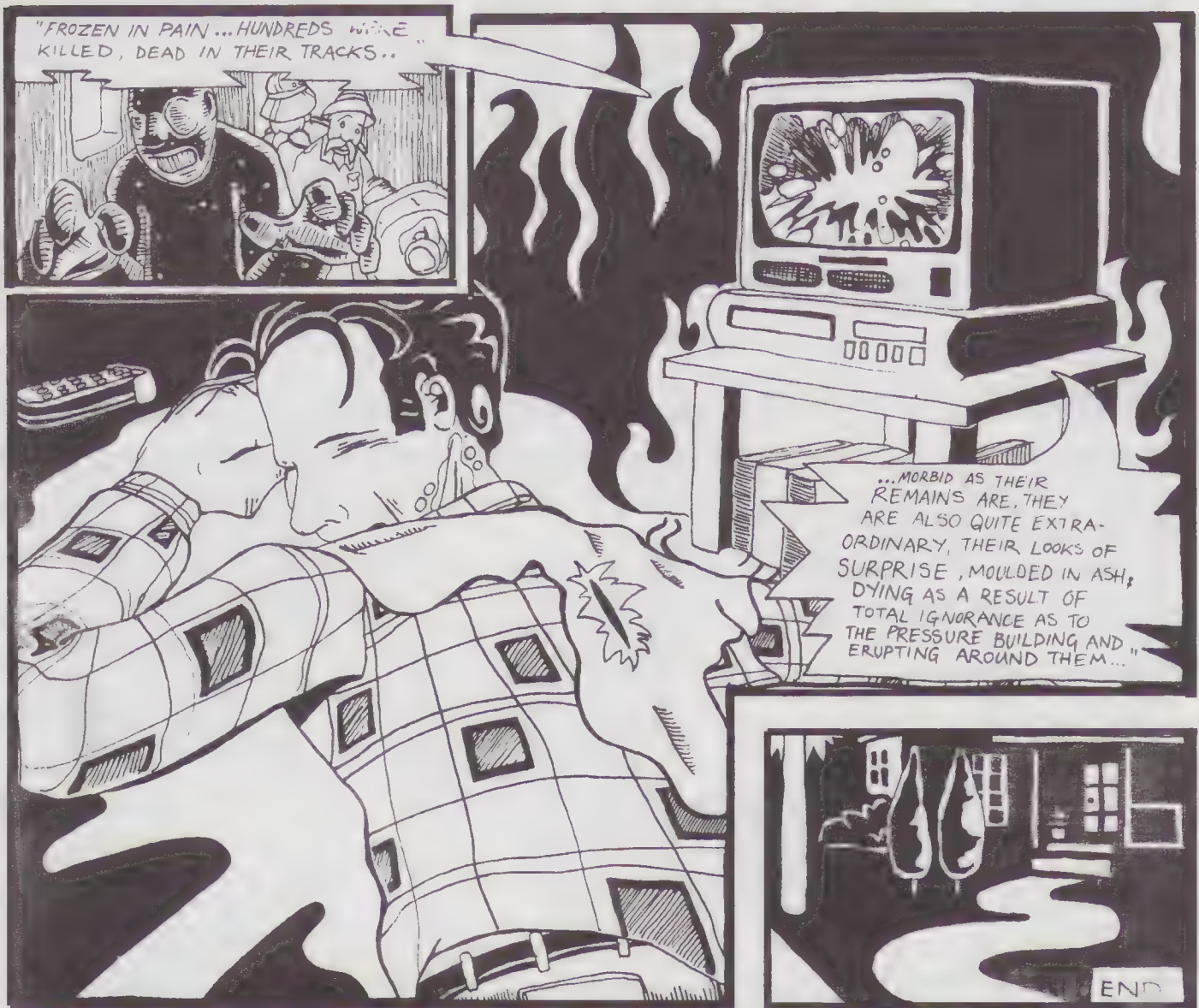
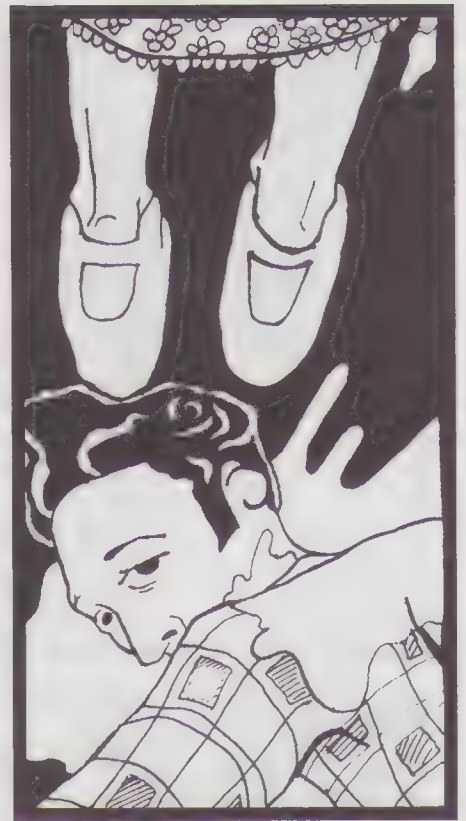
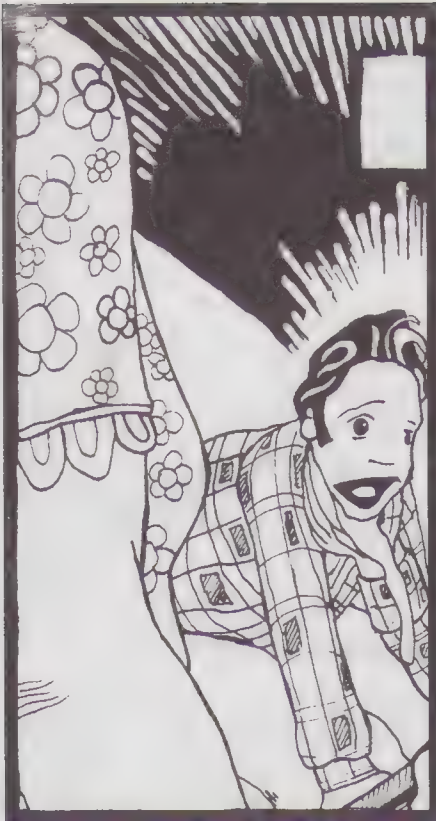
DORMANT

BY
MATTHEW TAYLOR & ANDREW BALDWIN









THE INFLAMED ADVENTURES OF SKRITCH!(THAT ITCHY L'IL CRITTER



He woke the sodden mornin'
In a dust like any utha
He scritchd and skridged,
But found no itch,
Brown glass still clenched
In his pocked l'il fist.

But the milky sun and cloudy
breath
That rotted at his cold head,
Was like no utha
On the mornin' he woke,
And found that he was dead.





The cattle collar stil 'round his neck
And the boddle loyal by his side,
They boxed him in,
And bound him tight
That the plague not leave his hide.

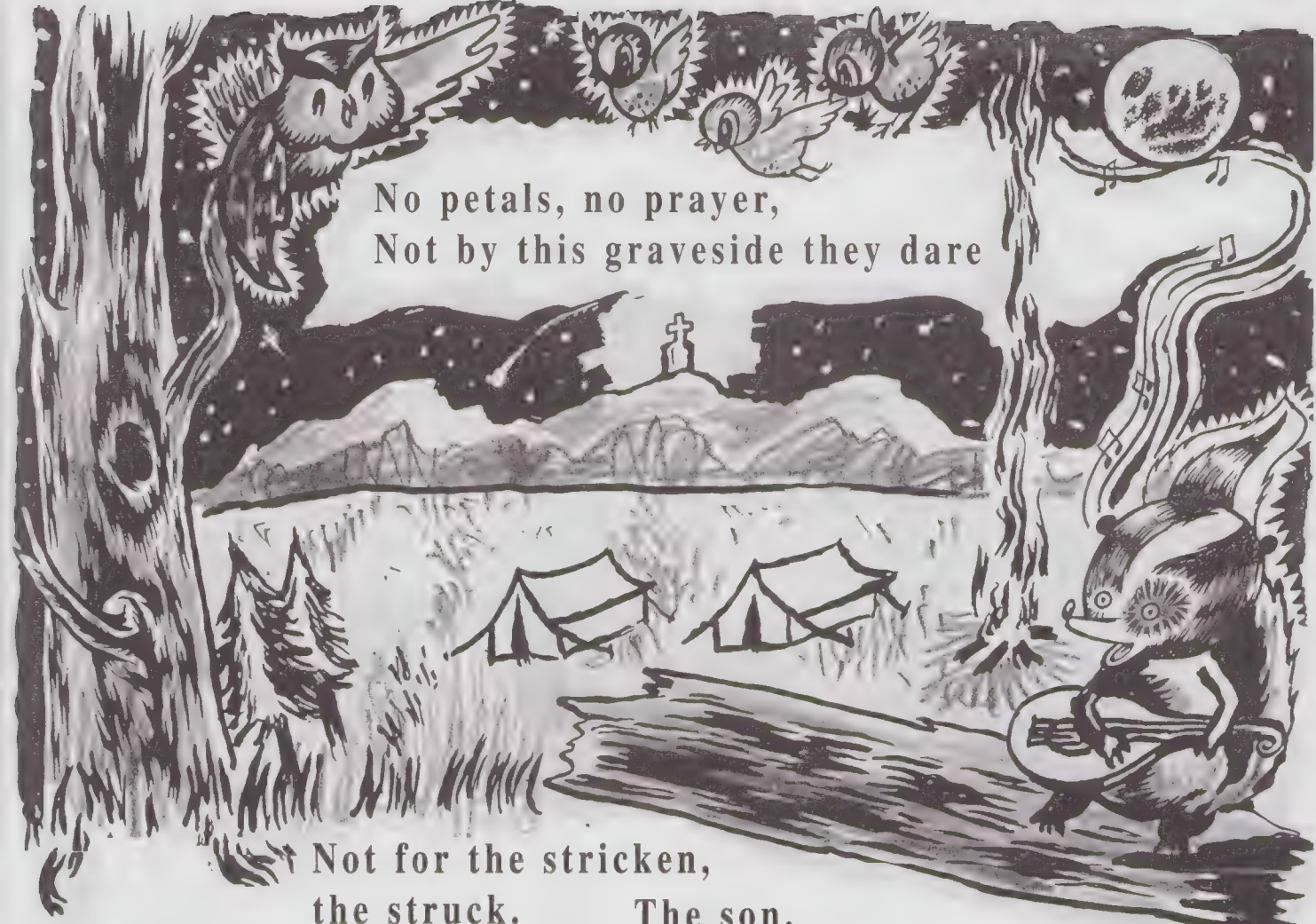
Flesh creepin' from his yellowin'
frame'
Gum droppin' tooth and smile,
The only penny found
In his loveless shack
Wedged o'er the jerkin' lid of his
eye.



The critta n' his lotion
In a box full a' dirt,
Worms holding in place of nail;
As a bible placed there
O'er his heart
His favourits nonsense tale.

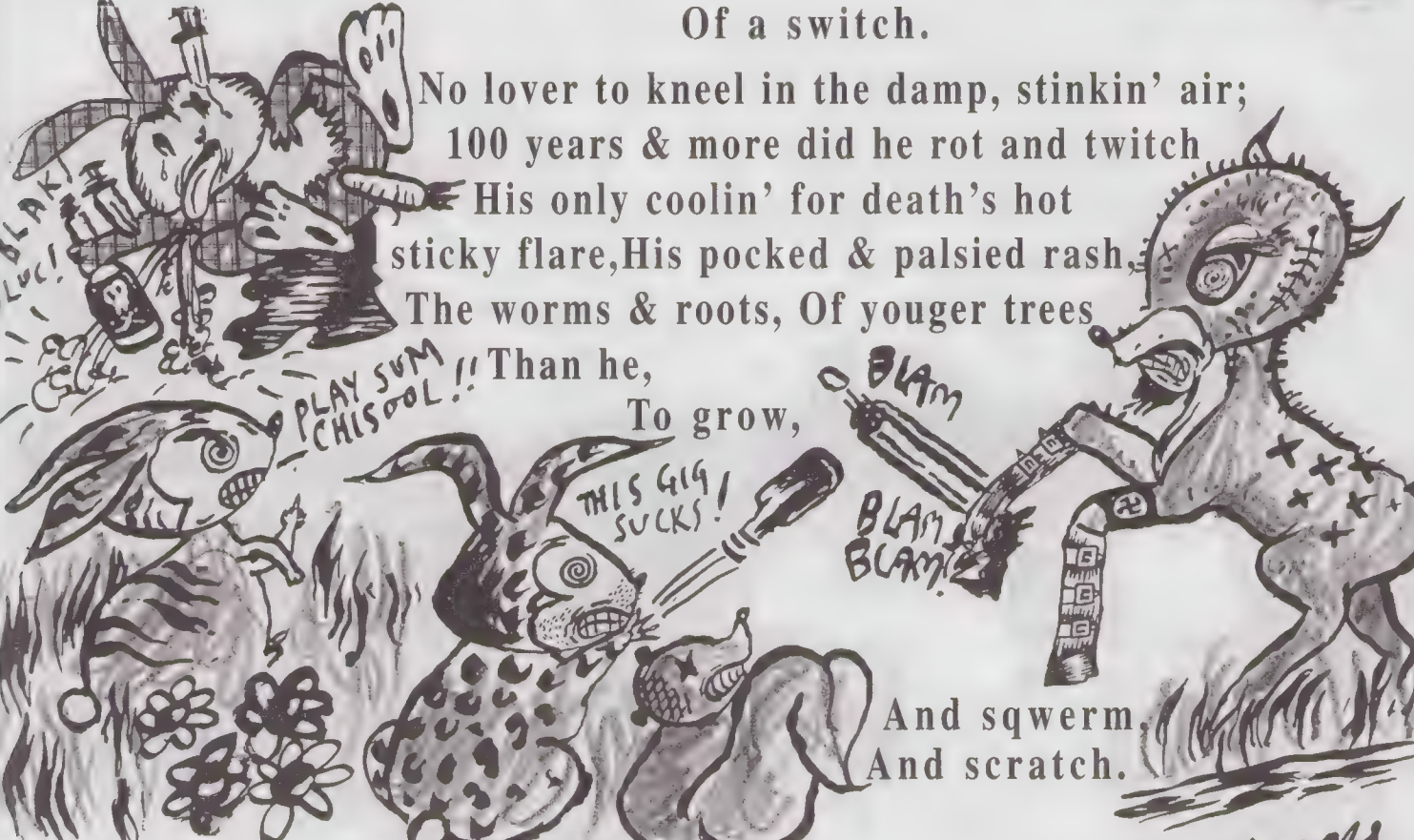
No otha to ever see or hurt
Again.
F'reva.
900 feet.
Below,
For him to lie





No petals, no prayer,
Not by this graveside they dare

Not for the stricken,
the struck. The son,
Of a switch.



No lover to kneel in the damp, stinkin' air;
100 years & more did he rot and twitch
His only coolin' for death's hot
sticky flare, His pocked & palsied rash,
The worms & roots, Of youger trees

Than he,

To grow,

And sqworm,
And scratch.

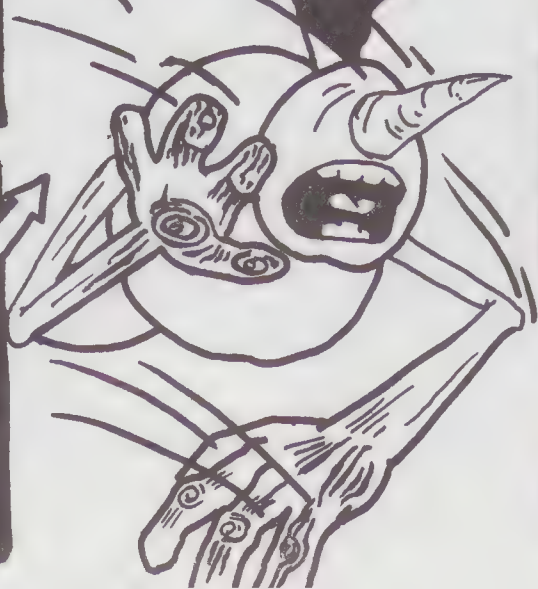
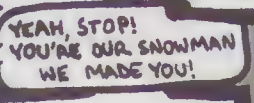
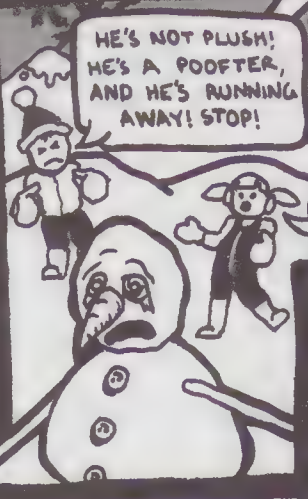
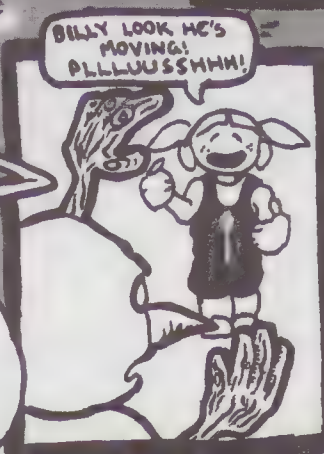
From the memory of those who play, Foreva,
This & every day. 9000 feet down alone to itch;
Never loved, never known, & so never forgotten -
The critter, the poor ole' skritch.

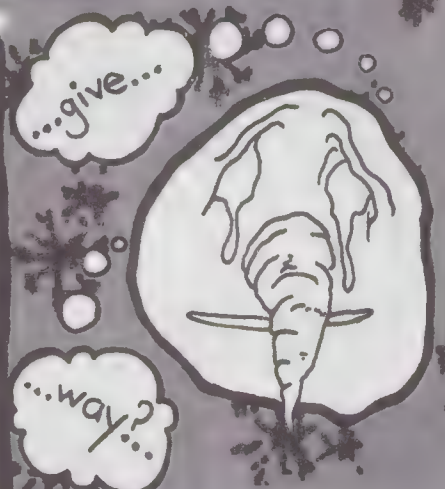
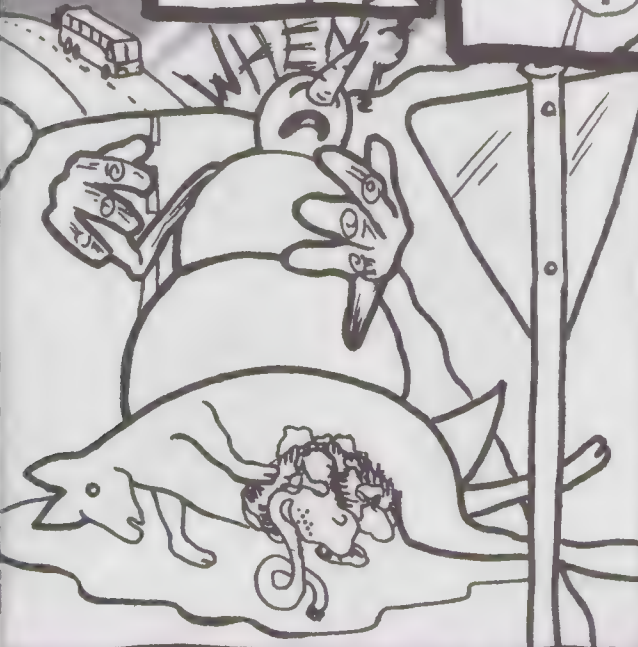
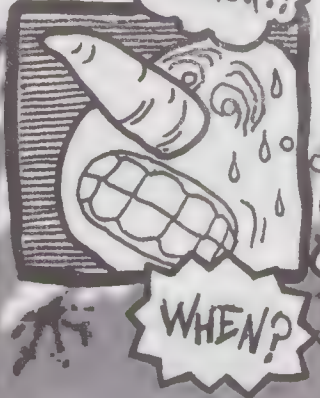
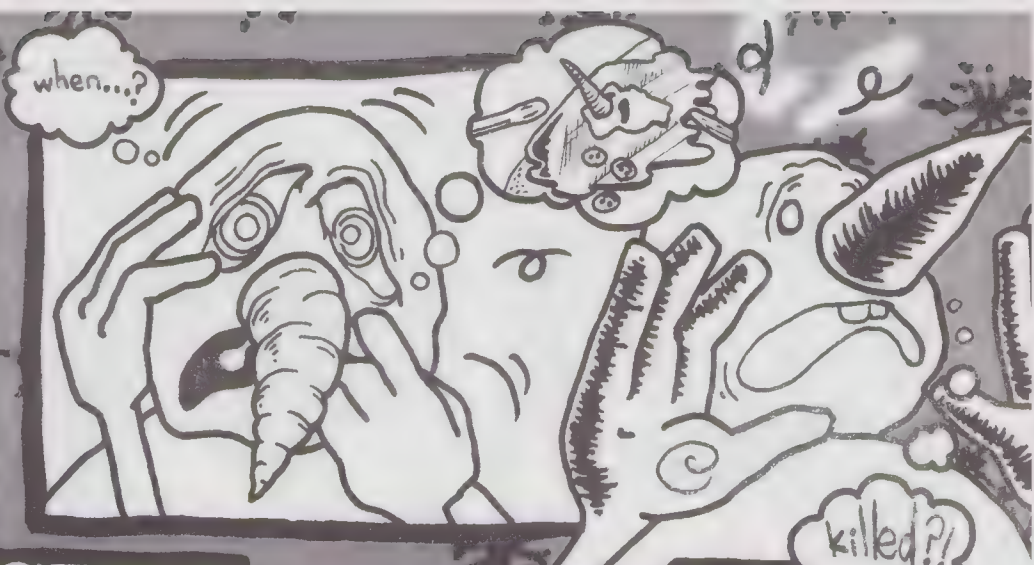
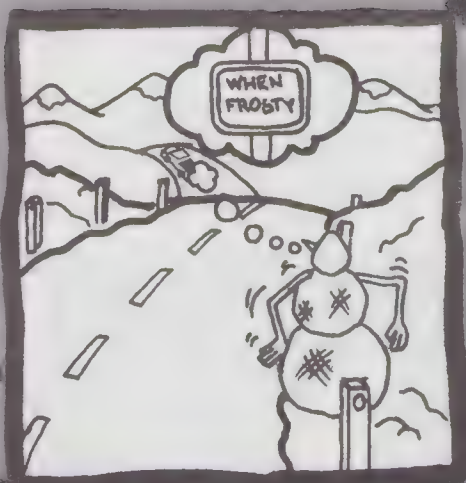
Frosty

J. PRICE

the life & death struggle.

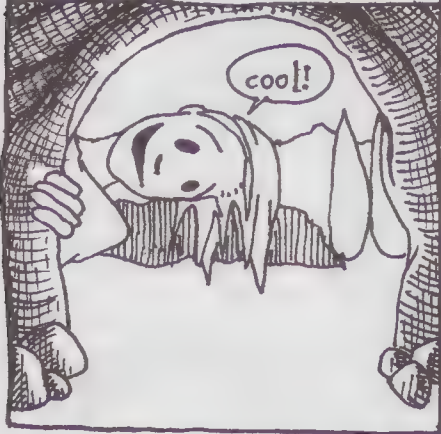
frosty the snowman is back!





Journey into the tunnel of Morbidity

At first I just stuck my head in the door...



... and then I wandered in, partly out of curiosity, and partly because it seemed the thing to do..



... But then the door shut behind me or I got lost or something... and it's oh so dark now and I don't know where to go...



Chase that Rabbit



the Great Divide between art & experience

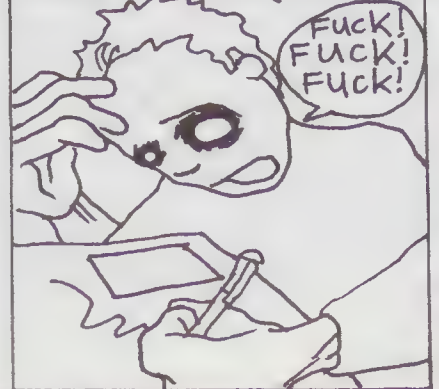
Sometimes you draw the same thing a lot & realise you're getting stuck in a rut..



And then other times you're so busy "experiencing" that you forget what you went out for...



And other times you're a wildly sleep deprived, all over the place mess halfway between here & eternity & can barely draw a straight line.



IT THAT NEWS- FBI MENTAL MAN TAKES AN AFTERNOON BUS TRIP...

STILL

coming to grips with his SUPER MENTAL POWERS, our hero, MENTAL MAN attempts to relax by taking a bus trip through leafy suburbia

....

hmm. I HAD to take the seat that faces everyone! THEY'RE ALL LOOKING AT ME AND THAT KID'S SMILING AT ME!...

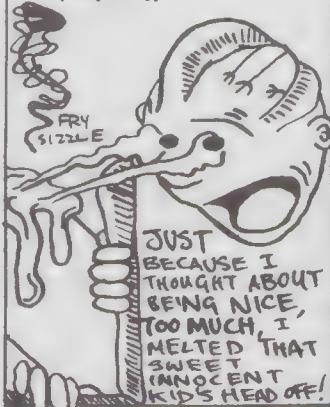


CONTROL YOUR STARE, MENTAL MAN! YOU STILL DON'T KNOW THE EXTENT OF YOUR POWERS!



SHUT UP, BRAIN, YOU'RE NOT MAKING THIS ANY EASIER!

OH NO! THE BITTER TWISTING IRONY OF IT ALL!!



JUST BECAUSE I THOUGHT ABOUT BEING NICE, TOO MUCH, I MELTED THAT SWEET INNOCENT KID'S HEAD OFF!

M.T. '96.

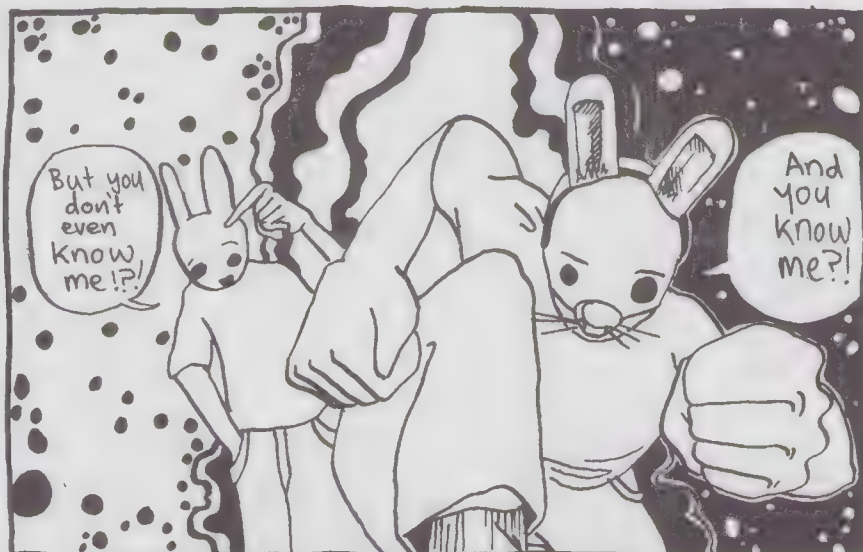
KEEP chasing that Rabbit



Hey!



I just really want to meet that rabbit!



But you don't even know me!?

And you know me?!



TO BE CONTINUED....

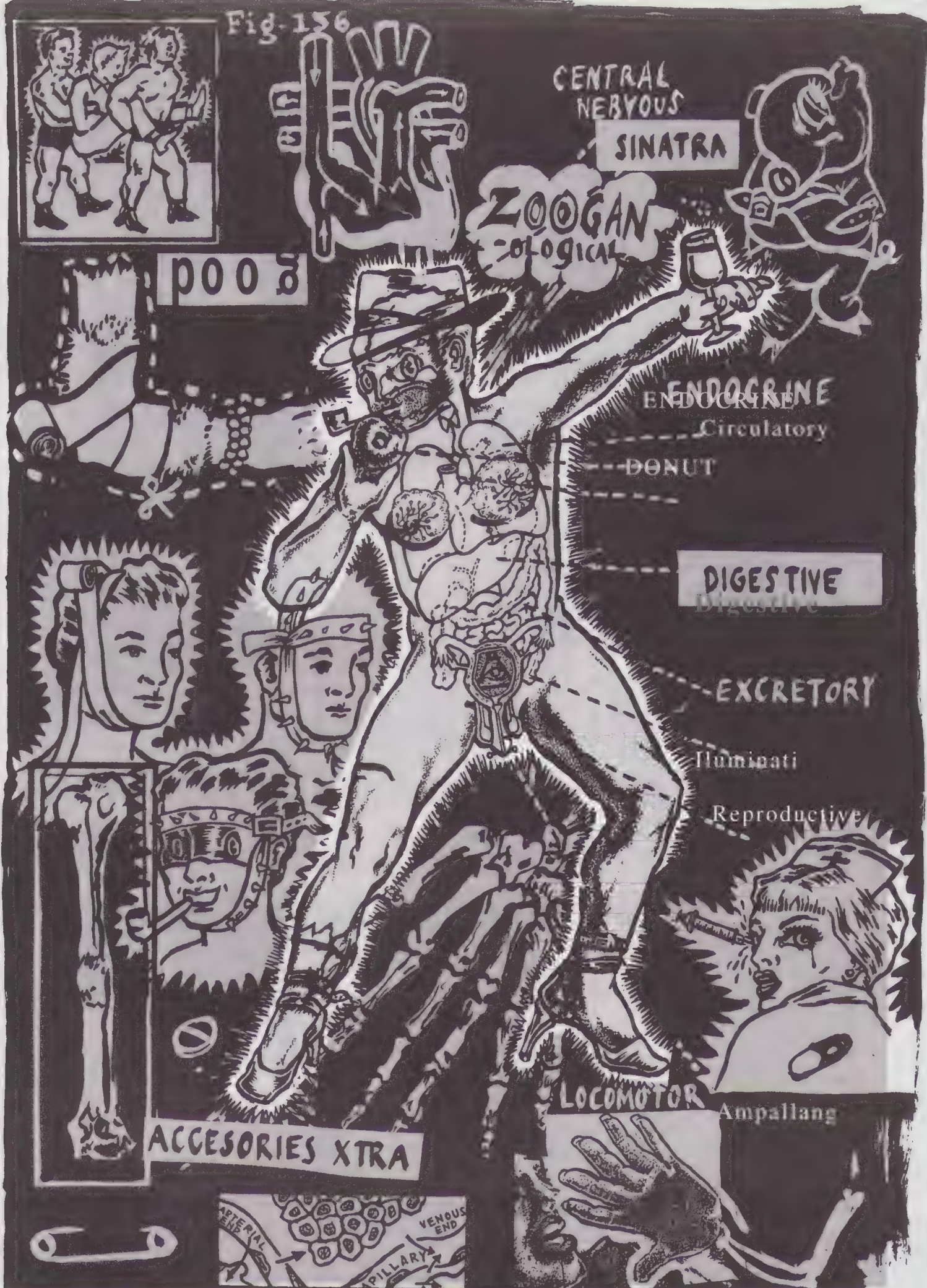


Figure 14:Karl;(theModern Primitive)

Put on the devil and have the Angel rolled in.



In where the devil seek guidance.



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P. Harness



TUFF

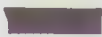
NEW E.P - OUT NOW

SLIP N' SLIDE

SEPTEMBER 14
AT THE NATIONAL AQUARIUM

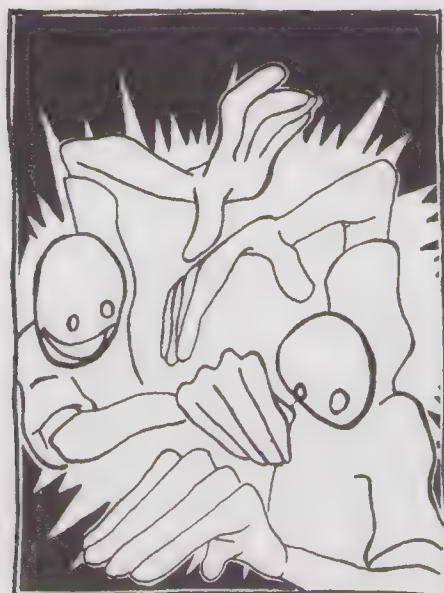
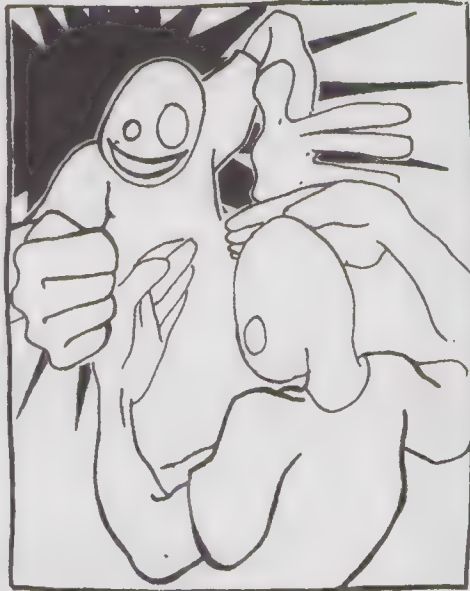
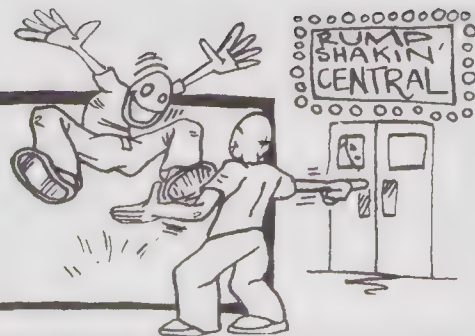


A PARTY PRESENTED BY CRAZYLAND
DJ'S - BASS BITCH, JON WICKS,
MEEM, PETER, AND BLAKE.
(more to be announced)



Ramona? Is that you?

BUT i can still
Dance with my friend!



Welcome to.....

infobreak

international
without Ian Turpie

Proudly
Presented by



Hi.. Welcome to my couple of
pages. I know it looks like heaps
of text. BUT, go on, read it
all. **IT MAY CONCERN YOU.**

FUN IS TO BE HAD FOR ALL
So buckle up and plough
on through.... YEP!

If it's utter weirdness you like, if the cold and creepy turn you on, then
Swedish cartoonist, **MAX ANDERSSON's** first major work, **Pixy**, is for



Alka Seltzer and Angina Pectoris are evicted from their apartment because the apartment was put to sleep. Angina had to abort their child (the result of a malfunctioning Safe-Sex bodysuit). Once in a new apartment, Angina gets a phone call from the **Netherworld**. It's her aborted fetus, he's drunk and pissed off. And so begins **Pixy**. From here we follow Alka's attempts to infiltrate the **Kingdom of the Dead** (where time runs backwards and is sold by the pint, to time addicts) in order to track down the malevolent **Pixy** and kill him. A bizarre yet coherent story that mixes coal black humor, barbed satire, wild surrealism and stark horror — a feast for the, preferably deranged, mind and the, preferably diseased eye.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1994 BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS. AVAILABLE ONLY IN LARGE FORMAT GRAPHIC NOVEL FOR AROUND \$20. THIS IS A MUST BOOK. A GEM. YOU NEED THIS: TRUE:

Comics are fun things, aren't they!
So if you wanna check out some
RAD! stuff, or just talk

about comics, hey! you
can even bring your
art or your comix
then come and.



SNAKE EYES #3: 100-page anthology of all-new work by Mazzucchelli, Head, Kaz, Ware, Woodring, Diana, Williams, many more!



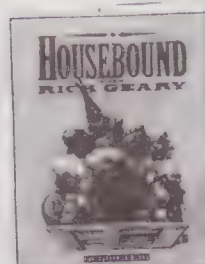
REAL SMUT: True tales of sex violence and debauchery from Mr. Northwest himself, Dennis Fithian. ADULTS ONLY



ZERO ZERO: Get a taste of the wave of the future by sampling this all-new, all-great anthology.



FREAKS: Jim Woodring and F. Soriano (Young Witches) Lopez's creepy new take on the classic film.



HOUSEBOUND WITH RICK GEARY: Short tales of crackpots, kooks, and weirdos, elegantly delineated by Geary.



GIRLTALK: There are some things you can't cover up with lipstick and powder — find out the real inside scoop!



Check me out at the
ANU markets on
Wednesdays, or at
the GORMAN markets
on the weekend.

Yeah crazy man!



Do it

Some fine people who have already
taken advantage of the ex-
posure are the gang
from **BUMP & SNORE**
and **FRUITY**
and of course



And So

Something I read recently and totally recomend is **Wilnot #3**
This GEM, a self produced photocopied mini comic
by Canberra's own **MANDY ORD** is brilliant!!!
Wilnot #3 Shows the ORDster at her wiggliest best
with delights like **DOG**, \$1000 (what would you do) and
of coarse little dick eyes. Watch out for her work
in fruity murmurs and her own comic Wilnot.



I don't
know anymore

AND ANOTHER THING,

THE WEIRD AND
WACKY WORLD
OF
Zines

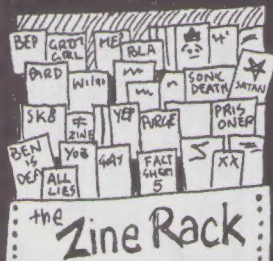
I have a dream



I do... seriously,
and so do the guys
from **INK**. It's to
get info together,
about (as much as
possible) **YOUR**
ZINE.

I want to see this
at my mobile store

THIS CAN BE REAL



the **Zine Rack**

Also the **INK** crew would
like to have you on their
Web site, for all to see.

<http://www.anu.edu.au/ITA/CSA/photomedia/students/bruce/comicpage.html>

OK

Lets get something happening here.
SEND samples, info, letters, in fact
anything, care of.....

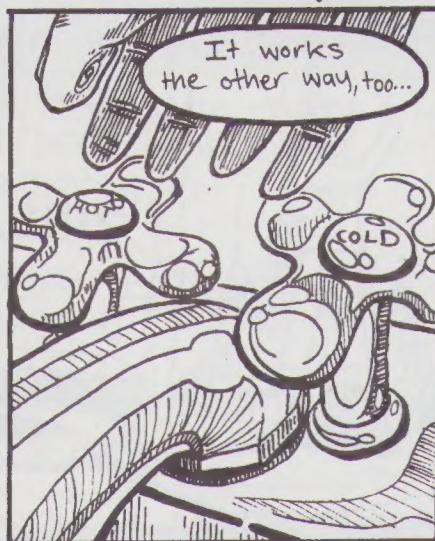
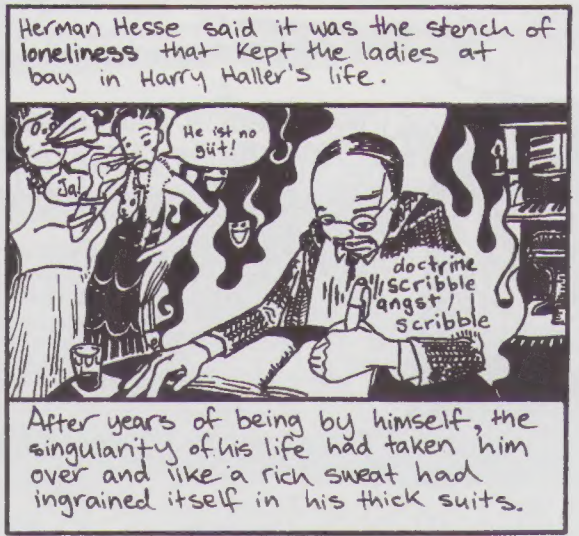
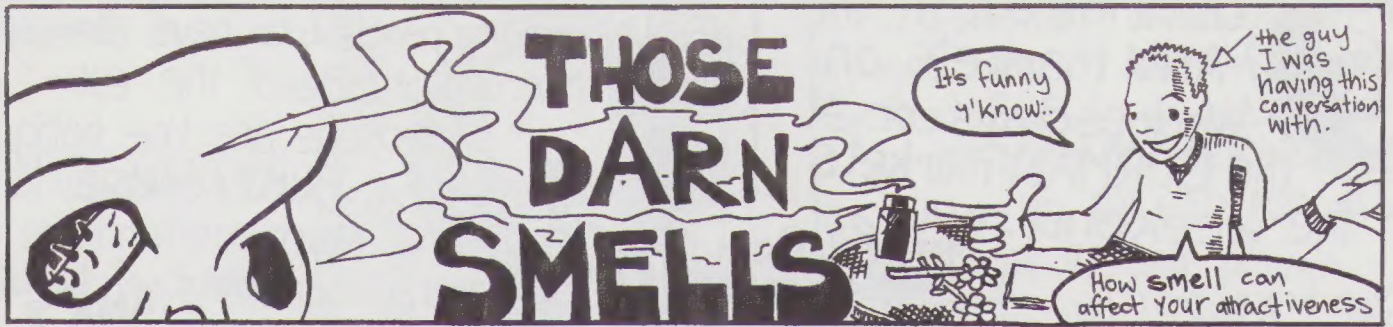
mark eaton's comic and fun things
GPO BOX 3106, CANBERRA, 2106.

the idea is to get some kind of **MAIL**
ORDER thing going. Reviews and Raves.
ZINES & FANZINES, MINI-COMIX & A4-FORMAT
COMIX. I WANT TO SELL 'EM 4 U.
AND YOU, JO-PUBLIC, can have
access to some of the coolest, home
spun product. **COOL HUH!!** so, write us
a letter, or type us from cyber space.
We'd love to hear from you all.

So CIAO for now
MARK EATON '96

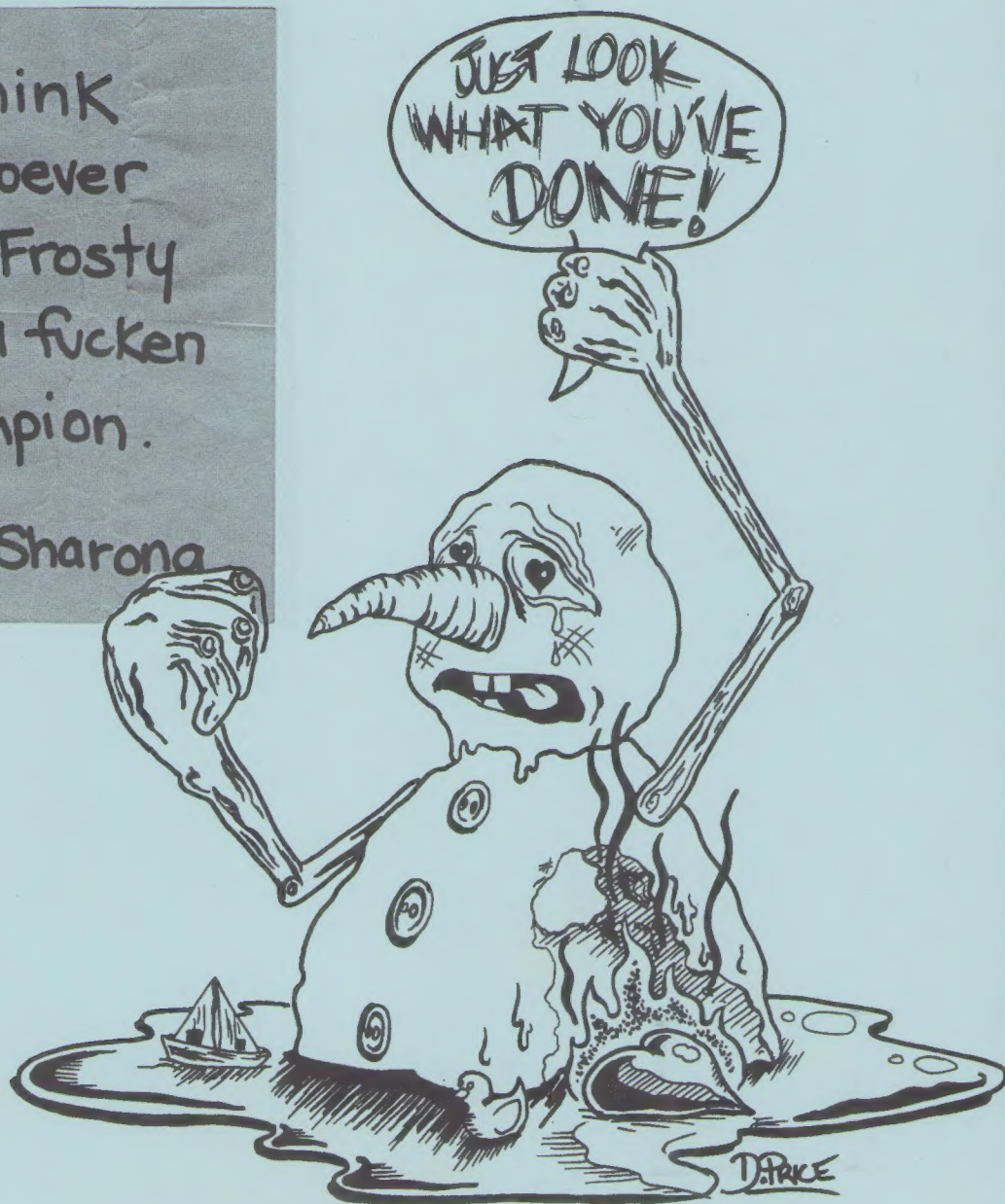
Let's go
surfing
now
everybody's
learning
how





I think
whoever
did Frosty
is a fucken
champion.

♡ Sharona



You could be swingin' on a star!

idea - bedazzler
art - he and Matt J.

